Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The other day I stopped to watch a game of quoits across the road from a country hotel. It was one of a series of games between the landlord and the blacksmith whose shop stood hard by, and in the lazy summer afternoon, with the sun sweltering down and causing slivers to curl up on every hemlock board, and with no sign of life across the whole hot countryside, as though every living thing had crawled into shady covers to sleep—here, the quoiting championship of the four corners was being decided. I tell you it was a momentous affair! A referee was present with a score-book and a lead pencil—a great, fat referee, and I think probably his bulk was not wholly irrelevant to his office, for the loser in each game was required to buy the beer for the three of them. The referee was always served with a heavy-laden schooner while the others received only small canoes, and beer, you know, is very fattening; so much so that it might be fed to hogs with mutual profit to men and swine. That referee felt his position keenly. He did not call the players Jim and Tom, as they had been known all their lives and as they would be known if they lived to be centenarians, but when they had pitched he would advance to the peg with ponderous pomposity and announce Kerr one, or Smith one. Neither would he call them Mr. Kerr and Mr. Smith, for this would have sounded too amateurish altogether and quite beneath the occasion. When the blacksmith enquired how the game stood (fancying he was a notch or two ahead and desiring the strangers to know it) the big man rebuked the weakness by vouchsafing no reply. And when the hotel-keeper (having just scored two points, which he fancied gave him the lead) remarked that he would "kinder like to know himself" how they stood, as though while there was no excuse for the other man asking, still *his* curiosity was quite a different matter—even to this insinuating request the big man in authority only condescended to bid him mind his pitching and the referee would do the rest as well as he knew how. Both contestants hastened to say that nobody knew how half as well as the referee—nobody, no matter where they came from. The autocrat moistened his pencil and sent a triumphant look in my direction, and I tried to feel crushed and to look humble. Among the two or three loungers who viewed the game was an old man who, had he lived in the world instead of in the backwoods might have made a lasting reputation for himself. He was the most adroit sycophant I ever saw. He could go clear through a hot triangular quarrel between the two principals and the referee, agreeing with every fierce and angry word uttered by each in turn, and still retain the confidence and imbibe the beer of all three. His method was masterful and fascinated me. As near as I could decipher the subtlety of his system, he would note who was losing, and when convinced of this he would attack the other most exasperatingly, sneer at him, even go the length to openly defy him to beat that last pitch, and finally with great frankness and incorruptible honesty assure the winner that though he won, it was not by superior quoiting. By this means he made himself solid with the loser, who had to treat, and no matter how fortune dodged and turned that afternoon, the clever old man never missed a drink.

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You have seen the Canadian who was ashamed to confess his country when in presence of foreigners who might be expected to scoff at it; you have seen the villager who, when city people stop in passing through to make fun of its little pretensions, will cringingly join in the ridicule and Peter his birth place. There is a mean streak of that sort of thing in the human heart, and one of the loungers at that quoit game had it in him. No doubt he had taken as lively an interest as anyone else in the village championship until we came up, but at once he concluded that we would feel a contempt for such a contest, and he proceeded to view the game from the supposed standpoint of city tourists. He commenced to guy the pitchers, to ask how much money was up on the result and if the winner was going to challenge the world, and after each smart speech he looked towards us for applause. He elicited none and I made no effort to keep from my face the inward contempt which his moral treachery aroused. I had met his kind before, and consider that of all base natures his is the most unlovely and repulsive, for such a man becomes ashamed of his comrades, of his parents, of his neighbors and of his wife, while all the time he is himself the most unworthy being of them all. The adroit old man acted differently. When first we drew near he turned and examined us in a speculative way as though to discern if we had "a notion," and to the credit of his discernment be it recorded, he at once concluded we had no intention of doing the decent thing, so he never bothered his watery eye about us. He preferred the substance to the shadow; the old broom was good enough for him, so he went right on applauding the loser.

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I have concluded that a man must penetrate into the remotest wilderness if he would escape from the things that sicken him in daily life. Out there in God's country, on the margin of a beautiful lake, fringed by forests primeval, these half-dozen villagers were cross-wiring and deceiving and contemptibly using each other in a way that insincere city people could not improve upon. In its first conception the pitching of quoits at that place was a scheme devised by the hotel-keeper, for no matter how the game went his beer found a market; the referee encompassed an abundance of free liquor; the adroit old man doctored a consuming thirst without expense, and the smart young man forgot all the decencies and railed at neighbors and friends to win a smile from strangers of whom he knew nothing and who cared no more for him than for the ant hill on which he sat. It was a proof that humanity is extremely weak and tricky, not capable of very much even in the most ennobling situations. If it were all to be done over again, human nature would bring down a curse on Eden.

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Gladstone's victory is of such a nature that it will serve every intent and purpose of a defeat. That he will die and leave unaccomplished the task which he assumed in his old age, seems now absolutely certain. Up to the present time he derived physical strength from his mental activity, and was made strong by the vivifying influence of a great hope. It will be nothing short of incredible if that hope can recover from the staggering blow it has received, for the smallness of the majority returned is a staggering repulse to the onward movement of Home Rule. For five years he has been engaged in the invigorating occupation of planning an unprecedented departure of statesmanship—a departure in which small preliminary successes were most alluring and gratifying because they promised final triumph, and should he triumph he would have solved the unconquerable difficulty before which successive statesmen had fallen helpless for centuries. It was a fascinating pursuit, a buoyant hope that might well impart artificial life to a man whose race, under ordinary circumstances, might have been considered run. During those five years, no month has failed to contribute something of encouragement to the cause, and every victory at a bye-election, every notable accession to the swelling ranks of the movement, has been a grateful dose of elixir to the man who has come to be regarded as the grand old evergreen of British public life. That he fixed his eye upon the period of these elections as the termination of his trials, was shown in his article in an American magazine a year ago, in which, by a process of reasoning not unlike the rule of three, he figured upon a majority of one hundred and fifty. So confident was he, that he served notice on the House of Lords that if that body frustrated the will of the people as expressed through him in his intended measure, such action would imperil the existence of the hereditary chamber. I mention these things to show how confidently, during the past five years, he built upon the sands of the present time—insecure foundation they have proved. That he will prove capable of another protracted siege on the Unionist position is impossible, and that he can achieve a finality with such a meagre majority as he possesses is likewise impossible. Should he carry his scheme through the Commons, the House of Lords will not hesitate to put it aside, nor would such a course imperil the hereditary chamber. To an important part of the kingdom the Lords would in that act demonstrate a new usefulness. The prevailing opinion that after a short and stormy session the country will again be appealed to, seems well grounded in probability; though, why another election should alter the strength of the opposing forces I cannot see. Should Gladstone die with Home Rule unrealized, it is probable the cause will be forced for ten years at least to sit disconsolate by his tomb. It was more the man than the cause that won English support.

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The Parnellites are fewer in number but stronger in position and influence than before the elections. Should Gladstone either fail to convey his big gift to Ireland, or should he in carrying it through a hesitating Parliament be forced to lessen the dimensions of that gift, the Parnellites will at once recover their lost place in the affections of Erin. Whatever the Liberals and Anti-Parnellites may achieve, it will be easy for Redmond and his followers to say that if they had been trusted they would have secured more. Should nothing be accomplished now, those nine irreconcilables standing where Parnell stood in the hour of his greatest strength, will form the nucleus of the obstructionist Irish party of the future. In that event their course will be thought vindicated, though in truth, they and their late leader should go down in history as the men who struck the cup of happiness from the hand of Ireland in 1892.

MACK.

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A fear lest capitalists should make something out of it seems to eternally bar the way to a reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay. Certainly capitalists cannot be expected to come here and spend their money for the fun of boxing a mud scow while digging channels through a marsh. They cannot make anything without the city sharing in their profit. But our City Council are not the worst sinners. We bought land for a drill shed so many years ago that we have almost forgotten when it was bought. Our representatives in the Dominion Parliament have not looked after our interests; they have let the Dominion Government build the drill shed whenever they dern pleased. They haven't dern-pleased at all, for we have gone on piling interest on to capital till the land has cost us now as much as half a block more could be bought for at the present day. The contractors for the city buildings are a year behind their dates. It doesn't matter. Toronto can wait, even though men who are carrying real estate know that bankruptcy will be the result if they are kept waiting very much longer. The railroads play fast and loose with us; they make agreements and fulfill them when they see fit or not at all. In the Local Legislature we have begged for favors as if Toronto's annual expenditure were not greater than that of the province. We are everybody's football; any vigorous corporation with a hold outside, any scheming politician with a pull inside can walk up and kick this city right behind the ear. Our postal arrangements are not made for the convenience of Toronto merchants. Anyone and everyone who has a pull can take a piece right out of Toronto's heart whenever he sees fit. We are painfully patriotic in Dominion affairs and puerile in civic affairs. We trade off everything for politics, and politicians trade us off with the same smiling alacrity which we show in permitting ourselves to be cuffed.

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Even a well-conditioned and sassy lawyer can bring Toronto's Council to his feet. S. H. Blake made a mistake in conducting our civic affairs; the Council singularly enough caught him at it after having been sharers of his error. Somebody called him names; he resigned, and all at once the newspapers and other Solons saw ruin staring us in the face unless we clung to the skirts of the immaculate Blake. Someone shouted "Get down and crawl on your knees, Brother Barebones," and at once the City Council got down on its bones and asked him to reconsider. Thus they humbly apologized for doing their duty and allowed him to play the injured innocent as the result of his oversight.

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Mr. Jennings was kicked out of the City Engineership for being too capable. After he was bounced we beheld the unholy spectacle of the Council pawing the dirt around his feet and trying to induce him to reconsider. It is the men who are bossing this town politically, municipally and every way, who are killing it. If we keep up this kind of business we need hope for no revival of public confidence. The man is not fit to have money who would have any confidence in this sort of government.

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If we get a moneyed Englishman out here we all set to work to rob him. If he can escape from Canada after a year of residence here with money enough to pay his passage home, the fellows who have been doing him up wonder how they were soft enough to let him escape with so much. Yankees are getting their capital out of this country as fast as they can, and I am informed on excellent authority that the Standard Oil Company, who had begun to make and contemplated very large investments, have instructed their agents to withdraw. It is time for Toronto to show some sense. If it pursues its village practices it will have nothing but village luck. It is time we began to look out for ourselves.

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Directly and indirectly we pay more taxes than any other community in Canada, and we get worse used by the Dominion and provincial tax-gatherers and the governments that control them, than the meanest village in a doubtful constituency. Directly and indirectly we have done more for railways than any other community in Canada; directly and indirectly we are worse used by the railway corporations than any other city in the whole Dominion. We pay more taxes municipally, considering the high rate of assessment, than any other town or city I know of in Canada, and we put weaker men in charge of the expenditure of our revenue than would be entrusted with the affairs of Tamarack township or Onion Gulch. Because we do not look after our public affairs, because we are not sufficiently aggressive, self-respectful and positive we have been gradually earning the contempt of those who at one time could have been persuaded to personally and financially throw their lot in with ours. In every public respect we have done our best to destroy confidence in our future, and if we keep at it long enough we will succeed in making Ontario and the whole Dominion of Canada convinced that Toronto is a city of fakirs so wrapped up in their private projects, so utterly reckless in an individual sense of what happens in a public way or in a general business sense, that an investment here would be rank folly.

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A gentleman suggested to me the other day that our municipal affairs will never be well run until political parties become responsible for the nomination of candidates. I know the majority of people will not only object, but object violently to any such plan, yet I am free to say that I believe it is the only way to rid ourselves of the man who thinks he ought to be mayor or alderman, and who without any reason except his persistence obtains the place. It may be said that political parties frequently, in fact as a rule, make poor nominations. True enough, and they always will until they nominate men who are rejected on the simple but easily defended ground that they don't know how to do business. Nominating a man to Parliament is a very ordinary method of paying off a political debt, and on the badly understood issues of a parliamentary election, party feeling has a great chance to control. But when it comes to nominating a man to look after a ward, to keep down the taxes while at the same time keeping up public spirit, preserving public confidence, making the city prosperous, no party dare nominate such small men as have frequently crept into office because it was nobody's business to have a good man nominated. After a man is elected nobody is responsible for him; he runs things to please himself, nobody has a right to speak to him or call his attention to the fact that those who elected him object to his course. When he gets into office he is a little tin joss on wheels, with no idea but to make a reputation for himself. He has no organized backing, consequently he has to organize his backing all the year round, and to please men who have no right to demand his support he is apt to vote for anything and everything in the Council, to protect and promote himself, no matter how disastrous this may be to the city.

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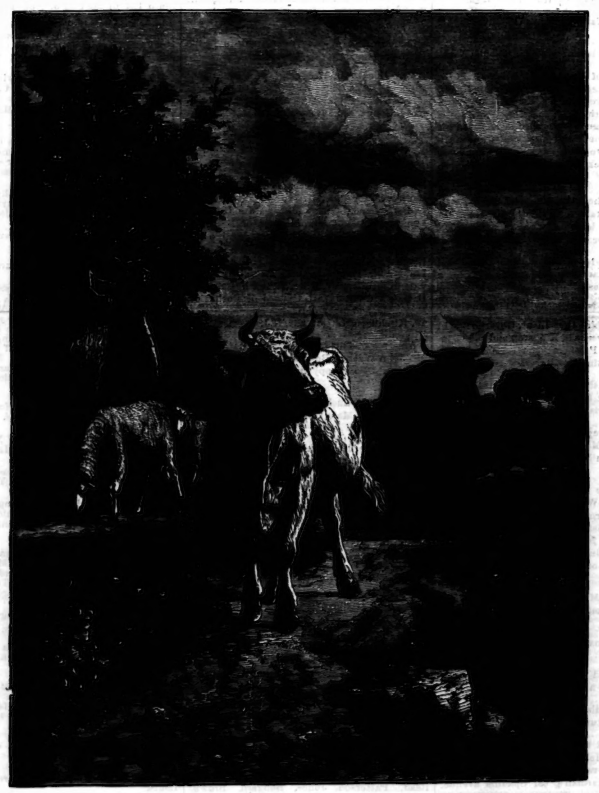
When an organized party representing the whole city takes this in hand it will be forced to bring out good men, or the other party, no matter how much they may be in the minority, must elect their ticket. Party feeling cannot run high enough in municipal elections to prevent the election of the best men. Individual feeling can never organize itself well enough to even nominate the best men, so that is out of the question. Supposing that in October a Conservative convention met in Toronto to nominate a mayoralty and aldermanic ticket, they might make a very bad selection. This is always true of parties that have an opportunity to choose but seldom. The week after if the Reform party met, nominated a better mayor, a better aldermanic ticket, formulated a better platform, what would be the result? The Reform party would carry the city. In local affairs you cannot afford to nominate wooden men, and no matter how dull political heelers are declared to be, they know this much. The fact of being forced into nominating their best men would be beneficial to both parties. Choosing every year instead of once in four or five years would teach the delegates to choose more carefully. Why do drygoods houses employ



THE STILLY EVENING HOUR.

buyers instead of sending different men each year to the Old Country markets? Because the man who chooses often knows how to choose wisely. We choose too seldom in Toronto; we follow dizzy and poorly defined political lines; we give a man a place as we would petition the Government to appoint a letter carrier or the commissioners to select a policeman.

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You have met the man who having traveled a little bit becomes so loaded with material for conversation that he insists on affording information to everybody with whom he comes in contact. When he sits down in a barber's chair he refuses to retain any valuable knowledge of which he is possessed, even though the barber has to quit shaving him or cut his throat while his jaw wabbles. This same person when he goes into a strange cigar store will spend a half an hour telling the proprietor the smoking habits of the people in various countries he has visited. No matter whom he seizes hold of or comes in contact with, he must talk. He is dreadfully tiresome. I loitered over a purchase for five minutes the other day to hear a fellow of this sort volunteer a vast fund of information on a topic with which I happened to be familiar. The proprietor was not listening; his inattention was so evident and discourteous that it would have discouraged anyone but the practiced and voluble bore. The information, too, was of that character which comes only from a man who enters a country one day and goes out of it the next. Possibly it came from a man who had carried home a sandwich wrapped up in a fragment of a foreign newspaper. How is it that people who know least about things are so inexcusably anxious to shine as knowing everything? As I heard that fellow talk, I wondered if what I have written about my little journeyings appeared to come with the same uninvited eagerness. Of course I have the excuse of being paid for what I say, of having it received with a certain amount of attention, but do you know that the variety to which the individual I refer to belongs makes it positively painful even to write at so much a line. One is always possessed of a wonderment whether the reader knows that the writer is struggling with all his might to be entertaining enough to keep his attention, instead of seizing an opportunity to tell the public that for once he has meandered outside of his native township and wants everybody to know it.

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I admire very much the fathers who take their babies out with them on their bicycles. What a steady-nerved generation will grow up when youngsters accustomed from their little childhood to twirls motor and an uncertain foundation become more numerous. Of course the little fellows who sit in front of their fathers have no idea how easy it would be to topple over, yet the swift motion and the fresh air must fill their little lungs with health and gladness. I have always been a believer in bringing up children with the idea of fearing nothing except wrong-doing. The kids, as they are vulgarly called, who skim along the pavements alone or in front of their fathers, learn something by inspiration of the progressiveness of the age, of the activity necessary to be either noticeable or conspicuous. I have not seen any ladies yet who carried their babies on their "bikes." Nothing could make the public sympathize more with the innovation than the sight of mamma and her baby. Perhaps when they get surer of their status, more certain that they won't tumble their youngster off, we may see processions of *maters* with youngsters perched in front.

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TORONTO, July 12, 1892

MY DEAR DON,—The Fresh Air Fund Committee of our Society is very grateful to "Jim" for his thoughtfulness. As you will see by the marked extract from our latest report, the Society hopes by next summer to have established the "country fortnight," of the workings of which in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, London and Glasgow, they are gathering information. We also want to have a country Lakeside Home where convalescent and delicate children may be sent for a few weeks in the summer. Devoted workers among the poor find great necessity for such a place. If the public will come to our help in a generous way it will be done; and we would also like to be able to charter a steamer for the season which would be available for our Fresh Air Excursions and for reaching the Lakeside Home. We do not at all intend to stop our Fresh Air Excursions, which will benefit one class of children while the Home will benefit another class. As "Jim" says, it could not be expected that all who go to the "Fresh Air" should go to the country. In many cases this would be a trial to the good farmer and his wife that we would not ask them to bear. Will "Jim" consent to use his influence to further the above objects? and if he does we will soon, doubtless, have the nucleus of a fund for the purpose. The committee fears that the season is now too far advanced to put the matter into practical shape, and the secretary has been given a programme for the summer which keeps his hands very full. Of course you, Mr. Don, would consent to receive subscriptions if "Jim" accepts our proposal.

Yours truly,
J. STUART COLEMAN,
Secretary T. C. A. S.

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$177 85
R. S. W.	2 50
Harry B. Meldrum, City	1 00
"Mary," City	1 00
"A Boy Man"	2 00
Total	$184 35

"A Boy Man" also sent $1, which has been forwarded, as directed, to the Hospital for Sick Children. DON.

Social and Personal.

St. Peter's church, Carlton street, was on Thursday of last week thronged with ladies and gentlemen to witness the marriage of Mr. Walter Stewart and Miss Nellie Richardson, daughter of Mr. Francis Richardson. The ceremony took place at eight o'clock and was performed by the rector, Venerable Archdeacon Boddy. The bride was led to the altar by her father, attended by Miss Steen as bridesmaid, and little Miss Cecil Denison and Master Harry Hutchison as maid of honor and page. Miss Richardson's bridal gown was of heavy cream satin and honiton lace, and she wore the regulation *faille* veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a loose cluster of white roses tied with white satin ribbons, and seldom has a sweeter looking bride stood in old St. Peter's church, though I have seen there some of the prettiest weddings in Toronto. Miss Steen wore cream China silk and carried yellow roses, and also looked extremely well. The bride wore an elegant pearl bracelet, which was the gift of the groom, also pearl pins fastening her veil. After the ceremony a reception and breakfast took place at the home of her parents, after which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left for the North-West by the midnight train. Many elegant presents of solid silver and exquisite ware were admired, and but faintly bespoke the affection and esteem which is felt by all who know them for Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. The bride's going-away gown was of fawn *crepon* with white vest, and a fawn hat with cream lace and pink roses.

Among the guests at the Queen's Royal are: Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Hon. Geo. Kirkpatrick, Lieut.-Governor, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Whitney, Mrs. Duncan Coulson and family and Mr. Geo. Michie.

The Flower Show at the Horticultural Gardens grows better appreciated each season. This year's exhibit and arrangement are very good indeed. A large number attended the show on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. Among those present I remarked: The Hon. G. W. Allen and party, Capt. McMaster and party, Mrs. Irving Cameron and party, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hebden, Mr. and Miss McLean Howard, Mr. Beaumont, Judge Morson, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmstead, Mr. Esten Williams, Mrs. George Williams, Miss Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Denison. The Pavilion was a bower of beauty in ferns, palms and rich blooms, and the scent of flowers mingled with the sweet strains of the Queen's Own Band in harmony complete.

The Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen's Regatta called out a fine gathering of smart folk, both in sporting and society circles, on Wednesday and Thursday last. The air was bland and balmy, the bay alive with craft of every description, and a most successful Thirteenth Annual Regatta was the result.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in Toronto this week.

Mrs. Bourlier is summering at Prout's Neck.

In the death of Mr. Alfred Patrick, C. M. G., a long and interesting life has closed, and many will regret the decease of a respected and esteemed friend. The old gentleman was a well known figure in Toronto society, and his courteous manners and kind words and ways endeared him to all his associates. For some years Mr. Patrick has resided with his sister, Mrs. Taylor of Rosedale, and attended St. Simon's church. Mr. Patrick's death occurred at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where he had the misfortune to sustain a bad fall, the result of which was his lamented decease at the good old age of fourscore years.

Miss Ida Hawley of Toronto and Miss Ethel Bingham of Harriston left on Tuesday for a tour in the States.

Judge Reynolds of Brockville is in the city.

The Honorable the Lieut.-Governor will spend several weeks in Kingston and the Thousand Islands. President Harrison is also in the same charming locality.

Mrs. J. H. Dithie leaves by the Cunard Line steamer sailing from New York to-day, for a three months' visit to England and Scotland.

Miss Nina Heywood of Savannah, Ga., and Miss Farrel of Montreal are visiting Mr. John Strachan's family, who are summering in Muskoka.

The marriage of Mrs. Trent of Bathurst street and Mr. William McGill took place on Wednesday morning last. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Campbell in Christ church, College street. Mr. and Mrs. McGill left for an extended tour in the States, accompanied by the best wishes of a large circle of congratulating friends.

Mrs. Samuel May, with her son and daughter, left last Monday for a prolonged visit in Muskoka.

Miss Lotta Noxon has returned from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prof. Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder are spending the summer at the seaside, New Jersey.

Miss Lila Dudley of Carlaw avenue left for Muskoka on Saturday.

Mrs. (Dr.) and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. and Mr. Percy Hellwell of St. Catharines have taken up their residence for a few weeks at Mrs. George Harman's, 621 Spadina avenue, during her absence. Their immediate circle in St. Catharines will miss their charming and congenial society.

Mrs. R. H. Cosbie and family of Seaforth are spending July at the Royal Hotel, Kincardine.

Miss May Beswetherick is visiting at Brockville. She is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Beacock.

Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge and Miss Wallbridge of 551 Spadina crescent have gone to spend the summer at Cape Elizabeth, Maine. They are accompanied by Miss A. S. Vickers.

A delightful dance was given at the Maples, Shelburne, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mossop, last Monday evening. Those present were: Miss Clara McMath of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Miss Dunbar, Miss May Belfry of Toronto, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Dellarough, Dr. Barr, M. P. P. and Mrs. Barr, Miss Halsted of Mount Forest, Miss Fisher, Miss Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. Norton, Misses Parish and Sexton of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Farran of Clinton, Miss McKay, Miss Jelly, Miss Minnie McLaughlin, Miss Ethel McRobbie, and Messrs. D. McRobbie, F. H. Silk, Robertson, Feirt, Dunbar, Gamon, Irvine, Baird, Roberts, Riley and Dr. Rooney.

Mr. A. McLean of the Merchants' Bank spent his holidays at his home in Chatham.

Mr. J. H. Cameron, Mr. Fax, Miss Lillie Kleiser and Miss Minnie Martin leave to-day on a concert tour through the North-West, no doubt to add further successes to their already bountiful supply.

The secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists, Mr. Robt. F. Gagen and Mr. J. T. Rolph, O. S. A., are away on a sketching tour to Mt. Desert and West Golasborough, Mich., via Lake Memphemagog, White Mountains and Portland.

Among the guests at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, are: Mrs. R. Thompson and family, Mrs. J. R. McKendry and family, Mrs. McIlroy and family, Mrs. L. O. P. Genereux and family, Mrs. F. Jackson and family, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. T. Watson and family, Mrs. F. Walker and family, Miss L. Wilson, Mrs. B. Kent and family, Rev. Canon Curran of Hamilton.

Mrs. and Miss Cozzens of Macdonell avenue, Parkdale, have gone to spend a few weeks at the rectory, the guests of Rev. Mr. Harris of Weston. Miss Nellie Cozzens will spend her holidays at Orillia.

Mr. Tom Macdonald of Isabella street has returned from Muskoka.

Miss Victoria Mason is the guest of Miss F. Beatty of Eblana, Lambton Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudspeth of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, are spending part of the summer at the rectory, Mimico, the guests of Mrs. Tremayne.

Rev. Mr. Johnston was the guest of Mrs. Cotton, recently, at Lambton Mills.

Mrs. and Miss Kenrick of John street have gone to Winnipeg for a few weeks.

Miss McQueen of Woodstock has been visiting her sister Mrs. R. A. Pyne of Gerrard street.

Miss Ethel Linton is visiting relatives at Port Perry.

Major and Mrs. Foster left Toronto on Monday for the Bay of Quinte, Prince Edward County, where they intend remaining till September.

Mrs. Powell and family of 284 Jarvis street will remove to Whitby next week to reside there permanently.

Mrs. George H. Worthington of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Lizzie Belford of Ottawa, were two of a merry party at the Bungalow, Worthington Point, Lake Rosseau.

Among the guests at Sturgeon Point Hotel are: Mrs. J. B., Miss and Miss Amy Laing of Toronto, Miss and Miss E. Richardson of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Adams and Mr. Alex. Murray of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Renfree of Toronto, Mr. Jno. F. Pearson, Mr. H. Ferguson of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burke Simpson, Mrs. and Miss Simpson of Bowmanville, Mr. Fred Angus, Mr. Alex. Jardine and family of Toronto, Mr. J. V. McNaulty of Lindsay, Mr. B. A. Ostrom and family, Miss Ida, Mr. E. D. and Mr. C. E. Powell of Louisville, Kentucky, Mr. Fred W. Smith, Mr. Wm. B. Hale and Mr. Jas. H. Havens of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. R. Beatty and Mr. Frank W. Kitching of Little Falls, N.J.

An error was made last week in stating that Mr. John Watt of Brantford was shortly to be married. The happy man is Mr. Alfred Allen Watts.

Mr. Mair of Lucknow was in the city lately. Mr. and Mrs. Mair intend taking a trip to the Old Country.

I regret to learn that Rev. Mr. Oliver of St. Simon's church has been ordered a southern residence by his physician. Toronto thus loses a real worker and most popular clergyman.

The Misses Emerson of Belleville are the guests of Mrs. G. R. Bartlett.

Miss Ida Milligan of Dovercourt road is staying with her sister, Mrs. Frank Hilton.

Mr. Thorpe is staying at Mrs. Mead's.

A very enjoyable dance was held under the auspices of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association at the Island club house on Saturday, July 9. There were present: Judge, Mrs. and the Misses Macdougal, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. and Miss Preston, Miss Birchall, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Muntz, Mr., Mrs. and Miss H. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Macrae, Mr. Norman Macrae, Miss Arthure, Miss Colin, Mr. Bogert, Mr. C. C. Smith, Mr. Robinson, Miss Francis, Miss Wey, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Denison, Miss Flossie Taylor of Ottawa, Mr. Alfred E. Denison, the Misses Norris, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hughes, Messrs. Strathey, Read, Patterson, Jones, Bougard, Brown, Macdougall, Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, the Misses Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Dyas, the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Rolph, Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. F. M. Delafosse, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross, Miss Bartlett, Mr. Willie Dineen, Mr. Colin Gordon, Mr. Ramsden.

Miss Howland, Miss Gracie Cawthra and Mr. W. S. Lincoln Hunter are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mulock at their farm.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard sailed from New York on Wednesday to rejoin Mrs. Sheppard and family. They will return to Toronto about Sept. 1, and the many friends of Mrs. Sheppard will be pleased to welcome her home.

Mr. Stewart B. Bradburn of New York has been visiting the Misses Smith of Isabella street during the past week. Mr. Bradburn is past commander of Palestine Commandary Knights Templar and an active member of Mecca Temple Mystic Shrine of New York.

Miss Jennie Lewis, of 147 Gerrard street, has left home for a two months' visit with her aunt in Detroit and with her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) McCue of Goddelles, Mich.

On Thursday evening of last week a number of the employees of Armson and Stone, Yonge street, spent a very pleasant evening at the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stone, at their summer residence, Kew Beach.

Dr. Donald McLaughlin of O'Leary Station, P. E. I., was in town last week, the guest of Mr. H. E. Smallpiece of Avenue road. Dr. McLaughlin is a graduate of Trinity and has quite an extensive practice in Prince Edward Island. On returning home he was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Smallpiece. H. E. will escape the fatigues of advertisement chasing in three weeks of leisure by the sounding sea.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Toye and Mr. George B. Toye are spending a few weeks in Muskoka.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Boyd and family are spending the summer at their island in Georgian Bay, near Parry Sound.

Sir Thomas Galt expects to leave town to-day for Winnipeg, where he will visit his sons.

Mr. Angus MacMurchy and Miss MacMurchy sailed from Montreal on Wednesday for Liverpool.

Dr. Uzziel Ogden, Mrs. and Miss Ogden left on Monday for the Pacific coast, where they will remain until the middle of October.

Mr. John L., Mrs. Brodie and family leave for Muskoka about the first of August.

Miss E Carmichael, Miss Maggie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. E. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waterson and Mr. H. Wallbridge of Toronto sailed from New York by the State of Nebraska for Glasgow.

Mr. J. Reeve and Mr. John A. Wightman of Toronto sailed on Saturday last for Rotterdam.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw, Miss Laidlaw and Mr. John L. Coffee sailed by the Arizona for Liverpool.

Messrs. F. M. Field, Fred Field and F. B. Featherstonhaugh are on their way to Liverpool by the Servia.

Mr. J. W. Evans of Toronto sailed by the Furnessia for Glasgow.

Mr. H. P. Beck and Mr. G. H. Pack of Toronto left by the City of New York for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Shaw left town on Monday and will spend some time at Rosamoyne, Lake Rosseau.

Dr. E. P. Gordon intends leaving to-day to rejoin his ship at Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. S. H. Blake sailed for Montreal from Liverpool last Wednesday.

Mrs. Packard of Brooklyn has been staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Palmer of College street. Mrs. Packard left for her summer residence, Morristown, N. Y., on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson and family of Edmonton, N. W. T., who have been staying with Mr. A. B. Lee, left for home on Tuesday night.

Mrs. and Miss Patterson are summering at St. Germains, Orillia.

Mr. Robert Gourlay has returned for the summer from Strathroy.

Mrs. Harton Walker of Spadina avenue, who has been visiting in the North-West for the last month, left Winnipeg last week with a party of friends for a trip out the line as far as Banff, where she intends staying for a few weeks. On her return from Banff Mrs. Walker will visit her brother at Mollita. Many in Toronto will remember her brother, Mr. Harry Morse, who was an enthusiastic yachtsman and general favorite.

Mr. Harton Walker has gone for a cruise on the yacht Condor for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. S. Rivers and family of New Orleans are the guests of Mrs. Spears of Interlaken.

Miss Minnie Brown John of Rose avenue is visiting friends in Rochester, N. Y.

Among those who are staying at Center Island are: Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Ambrey and Mr. Frank Lightburne.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Howard have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Howard, assisted by Miss Gregory of Lindsay, will receive her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, at 252 Gerrard street.

Mrs. Dignam is spending the summer at her residence, Port Sidney, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and family spend the summer months on their island in Muskoka.

Mrs. Scott and the Misses Scott of Carlton street and Mrs. Cockshutt left on Tuesday for Prout's Neck. Mr. James Scott is at present in England, where he will shortly be joined by Mr. Cockshutt.

Mrs. and Miss Sullivan are to spend some weeks at Prout's Neck.

Dr. and Mrs. Parsons are at present in St. Louis.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Chamois Gloves from 95c.

A special line in Swede finish Thread Gloves, 75c.
Silk Gloves in all lengths, the new shades.
Gloves embroidered in any color to match costume.

CORSETS

In order to introduce the P. D. Corsets, so that they may become widely known, we are having (for this month only) a special sale.
Marguerite at $2, usual price $3; Dorilis, $5, usual price $6. R. & G. in every style and price.

DRESSMAKING

Pretty Delaines and India Silks for summer wear.
Special attention given to Trousseaux.

Millinery and Mantle Making

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11 and 13 King Street East
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Glass

RICH CUT GLASS . . .

A piece of brilliant cut glass makes a handsome gift. Until a few weeks ago a few pieces only were to be seen in the art stores, but lately the Pantechnetheca have been showing a complete line, in fact the only complete line in the city.

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SUMMER - READING

The Doings of Raffles Haw - - - By A. Conan Doyle
The Head of the Firm. - - By Mrs. J. H. Riddel
The Slave of the Lamp. - - By H. Seton Merriman
The Story of a Penitent Soul. - - By Adeline Sergent
POST PAID - - - 50c. EACH
James Bain & Son - Fine Stationery
TORONTO

Fashion Notes.

ETON, Russian and Zouave jacket fronts are still a marked feature of new waists that open over shirred, pleated or folded waists, the fronts very full and girdled. Lapped fronts opening over silk or *chiffon* inserted plastrons, remain in great favor, and the corselet waist, with guimpe, either of rich or very delicate fabric, will remain popular for months to come. Some of the newest gowns devised for fashionable women who have tired of straight clinging effects, are made with a deep Spanish flounce added to the front and sides of the skirt. A bell effect shows plainly for the depth of about half a yard or perhaps a little more. To this bell portion the Spanish flounce is added, rather lightly gathered, with a tiny standing frill as a heading. This flounce is unlined and no foundation skirt is used beneath it.

A new and pretty fabric likely to be in vogue for months to come, is called Oxford silk shirting. It is in shot effects, so that in any color—red, yellow, blue or mauve—there is a shade of white. This material is used for entire suits, but it is oftener made into morning jackets, blouses, vests and petticoats. In darker tones they are used for children's autumn dresses and for wrappers and long traveling cloaks.

Cream, pink, blue and pale yellow silk muslin over taffeta silk of the same tint is a favorite material this season for young ladies' evening dresses. These toilettes are trimmed either with white lace or with flounces of *chiffon* embroidered in a color matching the fabric, but of a deeper tone. Flounces of the same form a fichu, border the skirt and edge the sleeves, which are very full, unlined and reach just below the elbow.

There is a new gored skirt noticed on Paris gowns that does away with the least fulness or extra fabric anywhere on the front and sides at the top, yet the skirt spreads out well as it approaches the hem. The gores are gored until they fit snugly, and at the top is a band of passementerie, ribbon or jet. Under the band are hooks that fasten the skirt to the bodice invisibly. The more the gores are sloped the closer a fit is made. The back is adjusted, as usual, with the deep bias seam hidden by deep folds.

One of the popular summer resort costumes this season consists of a cutaway coat or blazer of pale ecru homespun, a bell skirt of the same with a deep hem turned up on the outside and piped, and only moderately long. The cutaway opens broadly over a vest of pale apricot-colored cloth, fastened with tiny gold buttons. Another favorite dress is one of marine blue storm serge with bell skirt, Eton jacket and silk blouse waist held on at the waist by a girdle, with or without suspenders, going over the shoulders from the front to the back of the girdle.

Yellow is a color that appears to be growing more and more in favor, especially in the domain of millinery. Yellow *chiffon*, Spanish blonde, and deep orange or olive velvets are much employed as trimmings mingled with primroses, jonquils, or yellow water lilies. Open work lace straw bonnets are trimmed with *ruches* and plaques of yellow lace and double daffodils; wall flowers and other blossoms of that tint are used in conjunction. Many of the yellow straw round hats are faced with black velvet, making them very becoming to the wearer, adding brilliancy to a clear, and improving a dull complexion.

A pretty dress that I saw lately was made of daffodil net alternating with a strip of chestnut brown velvet. The silk strip was figured with a design of small roses, but so pale that they seemed but a tinted shadow of the rich net surface. The dress was a princess, the close skirt opening up the left side upon a second skirt embroidered in open lace designs over a foundation of pink silk. The striped sleeves were exceedingly full and the very long, close cuffs that reached to the elbow were of daffodil yellow silk guipure laid over pink. The neck opened in a V form and a narrow vest in front repeated the arrangement of pink silk and yellow lace on the cuffs.

White cloth jackets are in high vogue, and the various ways of adorning and shaping them render them appropriate for nearly every occasion. They are made both in single and double-breasted styles and many of the former have a deep rolling collar and revers faced with brown velvet. Other more expensive jackets are trimmed with gold guipure laid over soft velvet, like venetian cloth lapels and mousquetaire collars and cuffs. Models of pale fawn color are decorated with gold galloon bands. Pure white Bedford cord jackets open over China silk blouse fronts. These are particularly stylish, and are designed as a pretty addition to a lace or muslin dress when a wrap is needed.

Very lovely and girlish gowns of *crepon* or China silk are pleated to a point front and back, with the fulness carried to the top, cut out in rounding shape to show the arch of the neck from the shoulders and furnished with a fall of rich lace. The other trimming is merely a handsome fancy ribbon, two and one half inches wide, the color of the dress, twisted along the edge of the waist and knotted behind with loops and flowing ends. Shoulder knots are added of many loops massed together, one length going down under the arms.

A new fabric, of which we are likely to see much later on in the year, is merveilleux velvet. It is soft, like the silk of the same name, and wonderfully rich in appearance. The prettiest is shaded and in this form will be used extensively for the wide bishop sleeves which will not be necessarily of the same material or even color as the dress.

Capes continue in high favor both with and without yokes and watteau pleats. Capes of ladies' cloth, bengaline, surah, lace, net and summer velvet are worn with toilets and costumes of every description. Most of the silk and cloth models have deep cape collars or yokes and draperies of lace. A cloth cape of the new and beautiful shade of rhododendron is cut without fulness at the neck or on the shoulders and is surmounted by a gracefully arranged drapery that forms both a cape, collar and deep lace wings over the upper arm.

More Truth Than Poetry.

For Saturday Night.

She was chic
And very spick;
He called her "Baby,"
She was his wife.

He was a dandy,
Somewhat sandy;
She called him "bubby,"
He was her husband.

They took an excursion,
Just for diversion,
And got flirting,
For fun, you know.

And so they sported,
Now they're divorced;
There's a heap of trouble
Started at picnics.

DON.

Cricket News.

AMONG cricketers all over Ontario a feeling of angry amusement is aroused by the proceedings of three or four members of the Toronto Club, who get together and run things amazingly. The selection of an international eleven is notoriously a cut-and-dried piece of business, gone through with year after year by the same "old heads," who made a bungle of it in previous years. They always select "good fellans" who, after taking defeat with cultured indifference, can dine gracefully with the visitors and show them around. This is right enough as an incidental consideration, but when it becomes the primary consideration it is all wrong. It is a rural joke of ten years' standing that if a cricketer has neither a government job nor a big income his only chance of getting on the international eleven is to join the Toronto Club and thereafter play cricket on the crease and play total of it. This is perhaps too severe, but it is not unprovoked. But let the international eleven pass, for there is no denying the difficulty of selecting a truly representative Canadian eleven. Those who have organized the star chamber and run it so successfully (in one way), make more reprehensible use of their power than is to be noticed in this connection. When, last year, after the international eleven had been chosen, it had been decided to play a game against sixteen players chosen from the province, this star chamber perpetrated a ridiculous fake. That word alone will describe the method by which the Toronto players who composed it were set down as coming from points all over the province. This subterfuge of giving a man's place of birth instead of marking "Bloor street" after his name in plump and plain honesty, was supposed to warrant those promoting the match in calling the game International Eleven *vs.* Sixteen from Ontario. Properly named, the match was between the International Eleven and Toronto Club and Friends. They have done it again. The two-day match last week between Upper Canada and the Province of Ontario was really nothing of the sort. When they were at it they might as well have called it Upper Canada *vs.* North America. The alleged provincial eleven was no more representative of the province than of the continent. Stevenson of Lindsay and Biggs of Toronto Junction were the only out-of-town men in the eleven, and no doubt the latter came in on the street car. After these two, everybody knows that Saunders, McCarthy, Goldingham, Collins, Hall, Bethune, Wood and Bond are active players in the Toronto club. Everybody knows this, unless a few who may never have heard some of the names before. Forrester of the East Toronto completed the eleven. Where, in that team, were the representatives of such good clubs as Ottawa, London, Hamilton, Chatham and Peterboro'? The fact is, the province had nothing to do with that match, and those who selected an eleven and palmed it off as a provincial team and made such a hue and cry over the bogus event and suffered such a disgraceful defeat, presumed too far. I have heard old cricketers say that they could choose an eleven from the country that could defeat any international team of recent years in an innings. I do not know about that, but I would not be afraid to say that I could choose an eleven without an active member of the Toronto club in it that would defeat that bogus Ontario eleven as easily as it was scalped by Upper Canada. And this I affirm, believing the same to be true. I am not picking from mere crankiness, but because I recognize the fact that cricket flourishes outside Toronto, and constant contact with these outside players has convinced me that the game is being injured by the narrow practices of the very association to which it should properly confide its interests. There should be no more of these sham representative elevens called together—it is too tantalizingly funny, and the next thing we know there will be played a game Oakville *vs.* North America, and the village will beat the continent by an innings.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

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ALL VARIETIES IN SEASON

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We are also agents for Cast Iron Fancy Vases for lawns or verandas. Call at the Conservatories or at our 164 Yonge Street Store and see cuts and prices. They are really beautiful and cheap.

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

THE occasion does not so much call for particularizing what we're doing in summer dress goods, but rather to say that we're, as always, fully alive to shoppers' wants, and that the stocks are very pat to the needs of midsummer weather.

Light weight Tweeds. Summer Serges.
Henriettas—63 shades. Diagonals.
Jacquered Cloths. Black Dress Goods.
Cashmerettes.

You want these now, not later. Quick sales with this store or no sales. That's the way we size up the situation. And so our prices, as well as our goods, are made attractive to the shopper. We can say to you that the opportunity rarely occurs when dress goods suited straight to the season they're wanted can be bought as low as we're offering dress goods this month. We're following out very religiously the plan of the nimble sixpence.

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Before you go away, think! Have you one or two of our cheap blouses; have you a suitable garment for an evening wrap; have you a charming delaine frock, and have you one of those elegant boating jackets, all flannel, for $3 90, worth $5.50.

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ETHEL SUTHY, with one side of her face bleached, will at our parlors, illustrates the extraordinary effect of Face Bleach. Nearly two hundred of testies of this wonderful preparation sold last week.

Call and see us if you have any facial blemishes. "Hi! Superfluous hair, birthmarks, etc., permanently removed by electrolysis without leaving scar. Send 10c. for sample of Kosmeo and Booklet.

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TONDERN ISLAND

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NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

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The Loveliest Ladies
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The Most Stylish Ladies
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Hair goods in all styles, made to measure and order to suit Old ladies' Waves and plain Frontpieces made to order. Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees made to the most perfect imitations and on decidedly different principles to any other make. Ladies Long Hair Switches a specialty.

Our Ladies' Hair-dressing Parlors have no equal on the American continent.

Ladies' Hair Cutting, Singeing, Shampooing and Hair Coloring Parlors. Hair dressing for Weddings, Photos, etc. Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade.

Send for circular and mention this paper.

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French System of Face Massage

whereby massage applied to the face removes and prevents wrinkles, develops radial beauty, rounding out angles and improving the expression.

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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

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They are the Best

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CORSETS TO ORDER

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MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

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A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

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CHAPTER XVII.

The men, on descending from the roof, found all the ladies engaged in writing, the major having told them that there was a chance of their letters being taken out. Scarce one looked up as they entered; their thoughts at the moment were at home with those to whom they were writing what might well be their last farewells. Stifled sobs were heard in the quiet room; mounted eyes were blurred with tears even from eyes that had not been dimmed before since the siege began.

Isobel Hannay was the first to finish, for her letter to her mother was but a short one. As she closed it she looked up. Captain Forster was standing at the other side of the table with his eyes fixed on her, and he made a slight gesture that he wished to speak to her. She hesitated a moment, and then rose and quietly left the room. A moment later, he joined her outside.

"Come out," he said, "I must speak to you," and together they went out through the passage into the courtyard.

"Isobel," he began, "I need not tell you that I love you; till lately I have not known how much, but I feel now that I could not live without you."

"Why are you going away then, Captain Forster?" she asked quietly.

"I don't want to go alone," he said. "I can not go alone, I want you to go with me. Your uncle would surely consent; it is the only chance of saving your life. We all know that it is next to hopeless that they should be able to spare a force sufficient to rescue all; there is just a chance, but that is all that can be said. We could be married at Allahabad. I would make for there instead of Lucknow if you will go with me, and I could leave you there in safety till these troubles are over; I am going to take another horse as well as my own, and two would be as likely to escape as one."

"Thank you for the offer, Captain Forster," she said coldly, "but I decline it. My place is here, with my uncle and the others."

"Why is it?" he asked passionately. "If you loved me, your place is surely with me, and you do love me, Isobel, do you not? Surely I have not been mistaken."

Isobel was silent for a moment.

"You were mistaken, Captain Forster," she said, after a pause. "You paid me attentions as I had heard you paid to many others, and it was pleasant. That you were serious I did not think. I believed you were simply flirting with me; that you meant no more by it than you had meant before; and being forearmed and therefore having no fear that I should hurt myself more than you would, I entered into it in the same spirit. Where there was so much to be anxious about it was a pleasure and relief. Had I met you elsewhere and under different circumstances I think I should have come to love you. A girl almost without experience and new to the world, as I am, could hardly have helped doing so, I think. Had I thought you had been in earnest, I should have acted differently, and if I have deceived you by my manner I am sorry, and even had I loved you, I would not have consented to do the thing you ask me. You are going on duty. You are going in the hope of obtaining aid for us. I should be simply cowardly if I should stay. I should despise myself. Besides, I do not think that even in that case my uncle would have consented to my going off with you."

"I am sure that he would," Forster broke in. "He would never be selfish enough to refuse you the chance of escape from such a fate as may now await you."

"We need not discuss the question," she said. "Even if I loved you, I would not go with you, and I do not love you.

"They have prejudiced you against me," he said angrily.

"They warned me, and they were right in doing so. Ask yourself if they were not. Would you see a sister of yours risking the risk of breaking her heart without warning her? Do not be angry," she went on, putting her hand on his arm. "We have been good friends, Captain Forster, and I like you very much. We may never meet again, it is most likely we never shall do so. I am grateful to you for the many pleasant hours you have given me. Let us part thus."

"Can you not give some hope that in the distance, when these troubles are over, should we both be spared, you may—?"

"No, Captain Forster, I am sure it could never be so; if we ever meet again we will meet as we part now—as friends. And now I can stay no longer; they will be missing me," and turning, she entered the house before he could speak again.

It was some minutes before he followed her. He had not really thought that she would go with him; perhaps he had hardly wished it; for on such an expedition a woman would necessarily add to the difficulty and danger, but he had thought that she would have told him that his love was returned, and for perhaps the first time in his life he was serious in his protestation of it.

"What does it matter?" he said at last, as he turned; "its ten thousand to one against our meeting again; if we do, I can take it up where it breaks off now. She half acknowledged that she would have liked me if she had been sure that I were in earnest. Next time I shall be in earnest. She was right. I was but amusing myself with her at first, and had no more thought of marrying her than I had of flying. But there, it is no use talking about the future. My thing now is to get out of this trap. I have felt like a rat in a cage with a terrier watching me for the last month, and long to be on horseback again, with the chance of making a fight for my life. What a fool Bathurst was to throw away the chance."

Bathurst, his work done, had looked into the hall where the others gathered, and hearing that the doctor was alone on watch, had gone up to him.

"I was just thinking, Bathurst," the doctor said, as he joined him, "about that fight today. It seems to me that whatever comes of this business we are likely to have to be among those who go down when the place is taken."

"How is that, doctor? Why is our chance better than the rest? I have no hope, myself, that any will be spared."

"I put my faith in the juggler, Bathurst. Has it not struck you that the first picture you saw has come true?"

"I have never given it a thought for weeks," Bathurst said; "certainly I have not thought of it to-day. Yes, now you speak of it, it has come true. How strange! I put it aside as a clever trick—one that I could not understand any more than did the others, but, knowing myself, it seemed beyond the bounds of possibility that it could come true. Anything but that I would have believed, but, as I told you, whatever might happen in the future, I should not be found fighting desperately as I saw myself doing there. It is true that I did so, but it was only a sort of a frenzy. I did not fire a shot, as Wilson may have told you. I strove like a man in a nightmare to break the spell that seemed to render me powerless to move, but when for a moment the firing ceased, a weight seemed to fall off me and I was seized with a sort of passion to kill. I have no distinct remembrance of anything until it was all over. It was still the nightmare, but one of a different kind, and I was no more myself then than I was when I was lying helpless on the sand bage. Still, as you say, the picture was complete; at least, if Miss Hannay was standing up here."

"Yes, she rose to her feet in the excitement of the fight. I believe we all did so. The picture was true in its details, as you described it to me. And that being so, I believe that other picture, the one we saw together, you and I and Isobel Hannay in native disguises, will also come true."

Bathurst was silent for two or three minutes.

"It may be so, doctor—Heaven only knows. I trust for your sake and here it may be so, though I care but little about myself; but that picture wasn't a final one, and we don't know what may follow it."

"That is so, Bathurst. But I think that you and I, once fairly away in disguise, might be trusted to make our way down the country. You see, we have a complete confirmation of that juggler's power. He showed me a scene in the past—a scene which had not been in my mind for years—and was certainly not in my thoughts at the time. He showed you a scene in the future which, unlikely as it appeared, has actually taken place. I believe he will be equally right in this other picture. You have heard that Forster is going?"

"Yes, Wilson came down and told me while I was at work. Wilson seemed rather disgusted at his volunteering. I don't know that I am surprised myself, for, as I told you, I knew him at school, and he had no moral courage, though plenty of physical; though under the circumstances I should not have thought he would have gone."

"You mean because of Miss Hannay, Bathurst?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"That sort of thing might weigh with you or me, Bathurst, but not with him. He has loved and ridden away many times before this, but in this case, fortunately, I don't think he will leave anything behind him."

"You don't mean to say, doctor, that you don't think she cares for him!"

"I have not seen much of the question," the doctor said dryly. "I dare say she likes him, in fact I am ready to admit that there has been what you may call a strong case of flirtation, but when a young woman is thrown with an uncommonly good-looking man, who lays himself out to be agreeable to her, my experience is that a flirtation generally follows, especially when the young woman has no one else to make herself agreeable to, and is, moreover, a little sore with the world in general. I own that one time I was rather inclined to think that out of sheer perverseness the girl was going to make a fool of herself with that good-looking scamp, but since we have been shut up here I have felt easy in my mind about it. And now, if you will take my rifle for ten minutes, I will go down and get a cup of tea; I volunteered to take sentry-work but I didn't bargain for keeping it all night without relief. By the way, I told Forster of your offer of your horse, and I think he is going to take it."

"He is welcome to it," Bathurst said carelessly; "it will be no use to me."

"Now look here," the doctor said shortly. "Just put Miss Hannay out of your head for the present, and attend to the business on hand. I do not think there is a chance of their trying it on again to-night, but they may do so, so please to keep a sharp look-out while I am below."

"I will be careful, doctor," Bathurst said, with a laugh; but the doctor had so little faith in his watchfulness that so soon as he went below he sent up Wilson to share his watch.

At twelve o'clock the sand bags were removed sufficiently to allow a horse to pass through, and Forster's and Bathurst's animals were led out through the breach, their feet having been muffled with blankets to prevent their striking a stone and arousing the attention of the enemy close at hand. At dawn, the muffling were removed, and Forster sprang into his saddle.

"Good-bye, major," he said; "I hope I may be back again in eight or nine days with a squadron of cavalry."

"Good-bye, Forster, I hope it may be so. May God protect you."

The breach in the defences was closed the instant the horses passed through, and the others stood in the bottom of the wall listening as Forster rode off. He went at a walk, but before he had gone fifty paces there was a shout from the pickets, followed almost instantly by a rifle shot, then came the crack of a revolver and the rapid beat of galloping hoofs. Loud voices were heard and musket shots fired in rapid succession.

"They are not likely to have hit him in the dark," the major said, as he climbed back over the sand bags, "but they may hit his horse, which would be just as fatal."

Leaving two sentries—the one just outside the breach near the wall, the other on the sand bags—the rest of the party hurried up on the roof. Shots were still being fired, and there was a confused sound of shouting; then a cavalry trumpet rang out sharply, and presently three shots fired in quick succession came upon the air.

"That is the signal agreed on," the major said; "he is safely beyond their lines. Now it is a question of riding; some of the cavalry will be in pursuit of him before many minutes are over."

Forster's adieu had been brief. He had busied himself up to the last moment in looking to the saddling of the two horses and had only gone into the house and said good bye to the ladies just when it was time to start. He had said a few hopeful words as to the success of his mission, but had evidently needed an effort to do so. He had no opportunity of speaking a word apart with Isobel, and he spoke her hand silently when it came to her turn.

"I should not have given him credit for so much feeling," Mrs. Doolan whispered to her as he went out; "he was really sorry to leave us, and I didn't think he was a man to be sorry for anything that didn't affect himself. I think he had absolutely the grace to feel a little ashamed of leaving us."

"I don't think that is fair," Isobel said warmly; "when he is going down to fetch assistance for us."

"He is deserting us, as rats desert a sinking ship," Mrs. Doolan said positively, "and I am only surprised that he has the grace to feel a little ashamed of the action. As for caring, there is only one person in the world he cares for—himself. I was reading David Copperfield just before we came in here, and Steerforth's character might have been sketched from Forster. He is as selfish without either heart or conscience; a man who would sacrifice everything to his own pleasures, and yet even when leaving us knows him to be what he is one can hardly help liking him. I wonder how it is, my dear, that scamps are generally much more pleasant than good men."

"I never thought about it, Mrs. Doolan," Isobel said, roused to a smile by the earnestness with which Mrs. Doolan propounded the problem; "it is true that I do so, too, except that we are attracted by natures the reverse of our own."

Mrs. Doolan laughed.

"So you think we are better than men, Isobel? I don't—not one bit. We are cramped in our opportunities, but given equal opportunities, I don't think there is anything to choose between us. But we mustn't stay talking here any longer; we both go on duty in the sick-ward at four o'clock."

The enemy's batteries opened on the following morning more violently than before. More guns had been placed in position during the night, and a rain of missiles was poured upon the house. For the next six days the position of the besieged became hourly worse. Several breaches had been made in the wall, and the shots now struck the house, and the inmates passed the greater part of their time in the basement.

The heat was terrible, and as the firing was kept up night and day, sleep was almost impossible. The number of the besiegers had considerably increased. Large numbers of the country people taking part in the siege, while a regiment of Sepoys from Cawnpore had taken the place of the detachment of the 10th Bengal Infantry, of whom, indeed, but few now remained.

The garrison no longer held the court-yard. Several times masses of the enemy had surged up and poured through the breaches, but a large number of hand grenades of various sizes had been constructed by the defenders, and the effects of these thrown down from the roof among the crowded masses were so terrible that the natives each time fell back. The horses had all been turned out through the breach on the day after Captain Forster's departure, in order to save their lives. A plague of flies was not the least of the defenders' troubles. After the repulse of the assaults the defenders at night went out and carried the bodies of the natives that had fallen in the court-yard, beyond the wall, but the odor of blood attracted such countless swarms of flies that the ground was black with them, and they pervaded the house in legions.

The number of defenders decreased daily. Six only were able now to carry arms. Mr. Hunter, Captain Rintoul and Richards had died of fever. Farquharson had been killed by a cannon ball; two civilians had been badly wounded; several of the children had succumbed; Amy Hunter had been killed by a shell that passed through the sand bag protection of the grating that gave light to the room in the basement used as a sick-ward. The other ladies were all utterly worn out with exhaustion, sleeplessness and anxiety. Still there had been no word spoken of surrender. Had the men been alone they would have sallied out and died fighting, but this would have left the women at the mercy of the assailants.

The work at the gallery had been discontinued for some time; the last mine towards until a number of roots in the earth showed that they were near the surface, and, as they believed, under a clump of bushes growing a hundred and fifty paces from the walls; but of late there had been no talk of using this. Flight, which even at first had seemed almost hopeless, was wholly beyond them in their present weakened condition.

On the last of these six days, Major Hannay was severely wounded. At night the enemy's fire relaxed a little and the ladies took advantage of it to go up on the terrace for air, while the men gathered for a council round the major's bed.

"Well, doctor, the end is pretty near," he said, "it is clear we cannot hold out many hours longer. We must look the matter in the face now. We have agreed all along that when we could no longer resist we would offer to surrender on the terms that our lives should be spared, and that we should be given safe conduct down the country, and that if those terms were refused, we were to resist to the last, and then blow up the magazine and die it. I think the time has come for raising the white flag."

"I think so," the doctor said; "we have done everything men could do. I have little hope that they will grant us terms of surrender; far from the mutinous servants have deserted us they must have a fair idea of our condition. What do you think, Bathurst?"

"I think it probable there are divisions among the rebels; I think it probable they may have risen against us, but I do not think they can have the same deadly enmity the Sepoys have shown. They must be almost sick of this prolonged siege, and they have lost large numbers of their men. I should say they would be willing enough to grant us terms, probably they are overruled by the Sepoys, and, perhaps, by orders from Nana Sahib. I know several of them personally, and I think I could influence Por Sing, who is certainly the most powerful of the Zemindars of this neighborhood, and is probably looked upon as their natural leader; if you approve of it, I think I will go out in disguise and endeavor to obtain an interview with him. He is an honorable man, and if he will give his guarantee for our safety, I would trust in him. At any rate, I can but try. If I do not return you will know that no terms can be obtained and can then decide when to end it all."

"It is worth the attempt anyhow," the major said. "I say nothing about the danger you will run, for no danger can be greater than that which hangs over us all now.

"Very well, major, then I will do it at once, but you must not expect me back until to-morrow night. I can hardly hope to obtain an interview with Por Sing to night."

"How will you go out, Bathurst?"

"I will go down at once and break in the roof of the gallery," he said; "we know they are close round the wall, and I could not hope to get out through any of the breaches."

"I suppose you are quite convinced that there is no hope of relief from Lucknow."

"Quite convinced. I never had any real hope from it, but had there been a force disposable it would have started at once if Forster arrived there with his message, and might have been here by this time."

"At any rate we can wait no longer."

"Then we will begin at once," Bathurst said, and taking a crowbar and pick from the place where the tools were kept, he lighted the lamp and went along the gallery accompanied by the doctor, who carried two light bamboo ladders.

"Do you think you will succeed, Bathurst?"

"I am pretty sure of it," he said confidently. "I believe I have a friend there."

"A friend!" the doctor repeated in surprise.

"Yes. I am convinced that the juggler is there. Not once, but half a dozen times during the last two nights when I have been sitting on the terrace, I have distinctly heard the words whispered in my ear, 'Meet me at your bungalow.' You may think I dozed off and was dreaming, but I was as wide awake then as I am now. I cannot say that I recognized the voice, but the words were in the dialect he speaks. At any rate, as soon as I am out I shall make my way there, and shall wait there all night on the chance of his coming. After what we know of the man's strange powers, there seems nothing unreasonable in his being able to impress upon my mind the fact that he wants to see me."

"I quite agree with you there, and his aid might be invaluable. You are not the sort of man to have delusions, Bathurst, and I quite believe what you say. I feel more hopeful now than I have done for some time."

An hour's hard work and a hole was made through the soil, which was but three feet thick. Bathurst climbed up the ladder and looked out.

"It is as we thought, doctor; we are in the middle of that thicket. Now I will say and dress if you will keep guard with your rifle."

At the end of the gallery a figure was standing; it was Isobel Hannay.

"I have heard you are going out again, Mr. Bathurst."

"Yes, I am going to see what I can do in the way of making terms for us."

"You may not come back again," she said nervously.

"That is, of course, possible, Miss Hannay, but I do not think the risk is greater than those run who stay here."

"I want to speak to you before you go," she said. "I have wanted to speak so long, but you have never given me an opportunity. We may not meet again, now, and I must tell you how sorry I am, how sorry I have been ever since for what I said. I spoke as a foolish girl, but I know better now. Have I not seen how calm you have been through all our troubles, how you devoted yourself to us and the children, how you have kept up all our spirits, how cheerfully you have worked, and as our trouble increased we have all come to look up to you and lean upon you. To say, Mr. Bathurst, that you forgive me and that if you return we can be friends as we were before."

"Certainly I forgive you, if there is anything to forgive, Miss Hannay," he said gravely. "Nothing that you or anyone can say can relieve me of the pain of knowing that I have been unable to take any active part in your defence, that I have been forced to play the part of a woman rather than a man; but assuredly, if I return, I shall be glad to be again your friend, which, indeed, I have never ceased to be at heart."

Perhaps she expected something more, but it did not come. He spoke cordially, but yet as one who felt that there was an impassable barrier between them. She stood irresolute for a moment, and then held out her hand.

"Good bye then," she said.

He held it a moment. "Good-bye, Miss Hannay. May God keep you and guard you." Then gently he led her to the door, and they passed out together. A quarter of an hour later he joined the doctor, having brought with him a few short lengths of bamboo.

"I will put these across the hole when I get out," he said, "lay some sods over them and cover them up with leaves, in case anyone should enter the bushes to-morrow. It is not likely, but it is as well to take the precaution. One of you had better stay on guard until I come back. It would not do to let any of the natives; those that remain are all utterly disheartened and broken down, and might take the opportunity of purchasing their lives by going out and informing the enemy of the opening into the gallery. They must already know of the mutiny among the men who have deserted. But fortunately, I don't think any of them are aware of its exact direction; if they had been, we should have had them counter mining before this."

Having carefully closed up the opening, Bathurst went to the edge of the bushes and listened. He could hear the talk between Hindu and the house, but all was quiet near at hand, and he began to move noiselessly along through the gardens. He had gone but a few paces when he met a native. The natives had formed a cordon round the wall and behind that there would be no one on watch, and as the batteries were silent all were doubtless asleep there. In ten minutes he stood before the charred stumps that marked the sight of his bungalow. As he did so, a figure advanced to meet him.

"It is you, sahib. I was expecting you. I knew that you would come this evening."

"I don't know how you knew it, but I am heartily glad to see you."

"You want to see Por Sing? Come along with me and I will take you to him; but there is no time to lose, for I know without another word he walked rapidly away, followed by Bathurst.

When they got into the open, the latter could see that his companion was dressed in an altogether different garb to that in which he had before seen him, being attired as a person of some station and importance. He stopped presently for Bathurst to come up with him.

"I have done what I could to prepare the way for you," he said. "Openly, I could for certain reasons do nothing, but have said enough to make him feel uncomfortable about the future, and to render him anxious to find a way of escape for himself if your people should ever again get the mastery."

"How are things going, Rujub? We have heard nothing for three weeks. How is it at Cawnpore?"

"Cawnpore has been taken by the Nana. They surrendered on his solemn oath that all should be allowed to depart in safety. He broke his oath, and there are not ten of its defenders alive. The women are all in captivity."

Bathurst groaned. He had hardly hoped that the handful of defenders could have maintained themselves against such overpowering numbers, but the certainty as to their fate was a heavy blow.

"And Lucknow?" he asked.

"The Residency holds out at present, but men say that it must soon fall."

"And what do you say?"

"I say nothing," the man said; "we cannot use our art in matters which concern ourselves."

"And Delhi?"

"There is a little force of whites in front of Delhi; there are tens of thousands of Sepoys and rebels to keep them in check, have maintained themselves. The chiefs of the Punjab have proved faithless to their country, and the British rule is maintained."

"Nothing good at that," Bathurst exclaimed; "as long as the Punjaub holds out the tables may be turned. And the other presidencies?"

"Nothing as yet," Rujub said, in a tone of discontent.

"Then you are against us, Rujub?"

"Be not angry, sahib, I know not what I wish now. I have been brought up to hate the whites. Two of my father's brothers were hung as thugs, and my father taught me to hate the men who did it. For years I have worked quietly, as have most of those of my craft, against you. In the old times we were honored in the land—honored and feared; for even the great ones knew that we had powers such as no other men have. But the whites treat us as if we were mere buffoons, who play for their amusement; they make no distinction between the wandering conjurer, with his tricks of dexterity, and the masters, who have powers that have been handed down from father to son for thousands of years; who can communicate with each other though separated by the length of India; who can, as you have seen, make men invisible; who can read the past and the future. They see these things, and though they cannot explain them, they persist in treating us all as if we were mere jugglers.

"They prefer to deny the evidences of their own sense rather than admit that we have powers such as they have not; and so, even in the eyes of their own countrymen, we have lost our old standing and position; while the whites would bribe us with money to divulge the secrets in which they profess to disbelieve. No wonder that we hate you and that we long for the return of the old days, when even princes were glad to ask favors at our hands. It is seldom that we show our powers now. Those who aid us and whose servants we are, are not to be insulted by the powers they bestow upon us being used for the amusement of men who believe in nothing.

"The Europeans who first came to India have left records of the strange things they saw at the courts of the native princes. But such things are no longer done for the amusement of our white masters. Thus, then, for years I have worked against you, and just as I saw that our work was successful, just as all was prepared for the blow that was to sweep the white men out of India, you saved my daughter; then my work seemed to come to

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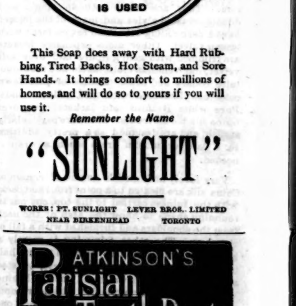

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an end. Would any of my countrymen armed only with a whip have thrown themselves in the way of a tiger to save a woman—a stranger—one altogether beneath him in rank—one, as it were, dust beneath his feet? That I should be ready to give my life for yours was a matter of course; I should have been an ungrateful wretch otherwise. But this was not enough. At one blow the work I had devoted myself to for years was brought to nothing. Everything seemed to me new, and as I sat by my daughter's bedside, when she lay with the fever, I had to think it all out again then. I saw things in another light. I saw that though the white men were masterful and often hard, though they had little regard for our customs, and viewed our beliefs as superstitious, and scoffed at the notion of there being powers of which they had no knowledge, yet that they were a great people. Other conquerors, many of them, India has had, but none who have made it their first object to care for the welfare of the people at large. The Feringhees have wrung nothing from the poor to be spent in pomp and display; they permit no tyranny or ill doing; under them the poorest peasant tills his fields in peace.

"I have been obliged to see all this and I feel now that their destruction would be a frightful misfortune. We should be ruled by our native lords, but as soon as the white man was gone the old quarrels would break out and the country would be red with blood. I did not see this before, because I had only looked at it with the eyes of my own caste; now I see it with the eyes of one whose daughter has been saved from a tiger by a white man, but I can see the benefit their rule has given to India.

"But what can I do now? I am in the stream and I must go with it. I know not what I wish or what I would do. Six months ago I felt certain. Now I doubt. It seemed to me that in a day the English Raj would be swept away. How could it be otherwise when the whole army that had conquered India for them were against them? I knew they were brave, but we have never lacked bravery. How could I tell that they would fight one against a hundred?

"But come, let us go on. Por Sing is expecting you. I told him that I knew that one from the garrison would come out to treat with him privately to-night, and he is expecting you, though he does not know who may come."

Ten minutes' walking and they approached a large tent surrounded by several smaller ones. A sentry challenged when they approached, but on Rajub giving his name, he at once resumed his walk up and down, and Rajub, followed by Bathurst, advanced and entered the tent. The Zemindar was seated on a divan, smoking a hooka. Rajub bowed, but not with the deep reverence of one approaching his superior.

"He is here," he said.

"Then you were not mistaken, Rajub."

"How could I be when I knew you?" Rajub said. "I have done what I said and I have brought him straight to you. That was all I had to do with it; the rest is for your highness."

"I would rather that you should be present," Por Sing said, as Rajub turned to withdraw.

"No," the latter replied, "in this matter it is for you to decide. I know not the Nana's wishes, and your highness must take the responsibility. I have brought him to you rather than to the Commander of the Sepoys, because your authority should be the greater; it is you and the other Oude chiefs who have borne the weight of this siege, and it is only right that it is you who should decide the conditions of surrender. The Sepoys are not our masters, and it is well they are not so. The Nana and the Oude chiefs have not taken up arms to free themselves from the English Raj, to be ruled over by the men who have been the servants of the English."

"That is so," the Zemindar said, stroking his beard; "well, I will talk with this person."

Rajub left the tent. "You do not know me, Por Sing!" Bathurst said, stepping forward from the entrance where he had hitherto stood. "I am the Sahib Bathurst."

"I do so!" the Zemindar said, laying aside his pipe and rising to his feet. "None could come to me whom I would rather see. You have always proved yourself a brave officer and I have no complaint against you. We have often broken bread together, and it has grieved me to know that you were in yonder house. Do you come to me on your own account, or from the sahib who commands?"

"I come on my own account," Bathurst said; "when I come as a messenger from him I must come openly. I know you to be an honorable man, and that I could say what I have to say to you and depart in safety. I regard you as one who has been misled, and regret for your sake that you have been led to take part with then mutineers against us. Believe me, chief, you have been terribly mis'ed. You have been told that it needed but an effort to overthrow the British Raj. Those who told you so lied. It might have seemed easy to destroy the handful of Europeans scattered throughout India. You have not succeeded in doing so, but had you done so you would not even have done the work. There are but few white soldiers here. Why? Because England trusted in the fidelity of her native troops, and thought it necessary to keep but a handful of soldiers in India, but, if need be, for every soldier now here she could send a hundred, and she will send a hundred if it be needed to recover her India. Already you may be sure that ships are on the sea laden with troops, and if you find it is so hard to overcome the few soldiers now here, what would you do against the great armies that will pour in here ere long? Why all the efforts of the Sepoys gathered at Delhi are insufficient to defeat the four or five thousand British troops that hold their posts outside the town waiting only till the succors arrive from England to take a terrible vengeance. Woe be then to those who have taken part against us; still more to those whose hands are stained with British blood."

"It is too late now," the native said gloomily; "the die is cast, but since I have seen how a score of men could defend that shattered house against thousands, do you think I have not seen that I have been wrong? Who would have thought that men could do such a thing? But it is too late now."

"It is not too late," Bathurst said. "It is too late indeed to undo the mischief that has been done, but not too late for you to secure yourself against some of the consequences. The English are just, and when they shall have stamped out this mutiny, as assuredly they will do, they will draw a distinction between mutinous soldiers, who were false to their salt, and native chiefs who fought, as they believed, for the independence of their country. But one thing they will not forgive, whether in Sepoy or prince, the murder of man, woman or child in cold blood; for that there will be no pardon.

"But it is not upon that ground that I came to appeal to you, but as a noble of Oude to a man who is a brave enemy, but who could never be a butcher. We have fought against each other fairly and evenly; the time has come when we can fight no longer, and I demand of you, confidently, that if we surrender, the lives of all within those walls shall be respected and a safe conduct be granted to those who the country. I know that such conditions were granted to the garrison at Cawnpore, and that they were shamelessly violated; for that act, Nana Sahib will never be forgiven. He will be hunted down like a dog and hung when he is caught, just as if he had been the poorest peasant. But I have not so bad an opinion of the people of India as to believe them base enough to follow such an example, and I am confident that if you grant us those terms, you will see that the conditions are observed."

"I have received orders from Nana Sahib to send all prisoners down to him," Por Sing said, in a hesitating voice.

"You will never send down prisoners from here," Bathurst replied firmly. "You may attack us again, and after the loss of the lives of scores more of your followers you may be successful, but you will take no prisoners, for at the last moment we will blow the house and all in it into the air. Besides, who made Nana Sahib your master? He is not the lord of Oude, and though doubtless he dreams of sovereignty, it is a rope, not a throne, that awaits him. Why should you nobles of Oude obey the orders of this peasant boy, though he was adopted by the Peishwa? The Peishwa himself was never your lord, and why should you obey this traitor, this butcher, this disgrace to India, when he orders you to hand over to him the prisoners your sword has made?"

"That is true," Por Sing said gloomily; "but the Sepoys will not agree to the terms."

"The Sepoys are not your masters," Bathurst said; "we do not surrender to them, but to you. We place no confidence in their word, but we have every faith in the honor of the nobles of Oude. If you and your friends grant us the terms we ask, the Sepoys may clamor, but they will not venture to do more. Neither they nor Nana Sahib dare at this moment affront the people of Oude. There are Sepoys round Lucknow, but it is the men of Oude who are really pressing the siege. If you are firm they will not dare to break with you on such a question as this, with a score of Europeans. If you will give me your word and your honor that all shall be spared, I will come out in the morning with a flag of truce to treat with you. If not, we will defend ourselves to the last, and then blow ourselves into the air."

"And you think, Por Sing said doubtfully, "that if I agreed with this, it would be taken into consideration should the British Raj be restored."

"I can promise you that it will," Bathurst said. "It will be properly represented that it is to you that the defenders of Deennugghur, and the women and children with them, owe their lives, and you may be sure that this will go a very long way towards wiping out the part you have taken in the attack on the station. When the day of reckoning comes the British Government will know how as well to reward those who rendered them service in these days, as to punish those who have been our foes."

"I will do it," Por Sing said firmly. "Do not come out until the afternoon, in the morning I will talk with the other Zemindars, and bring them over to agree that there shall be no more bloodshed. There is not one of us but is heartily sick of this business, and eager to put an end to it. Rajub may report what he likes to the Nana, I will do what is right."

After a hearty expression of thanks Bathurst left the tent. Rajub was awaiting him outside.

"You have succeeded?" he asked.

"Yes! He will guarantee the lives of all the garrison, but he seemed to be afraid of what you might report to Nana Sahib."

"I am the Nana's agent here," Rajub said; "I have been working with him for months. I would I could undo it all now. I was away when they surrendered at Cawnpore—had I not been that massacre would never have taken place, for I am one of the few who have influence with him. He knows my power, and fears it."

They made their way back without interruption to the clump of bushes near the house.

"When shall I see you again?" Bathurst asked.

"I do not know," replied Rajub, "but be sure that I shall be at hand to aid you, if possible, should danger arise."

(To be Continued.)

Don's Fortunate Accident.

Bonnie was in the garden gathering violets as Don drove by with pretty Miss Millard. He bowed to her, and Bonnie nodded and smiled.

Miss Millard said: "This, I believe, is your home! Is the young lady your sister?"

Don was always glad to tell strangers that Bonnie was not his sister, but only his stepfather's daughter. He didn't trouble himself to find out why he was glad; he only knew that Bonnie was a dear little one. He said: "Bonnie is fond of flowers. Her greenhouse is the prettiest place I know of, for everything grows and blossoms for her."

And Miss Millard said she would like to see the greenhouse, as she also cultivated flowers, and Don promised to take her soon, and that was how it happened that they surprised Bonnie one day.

It was never any use to ask Bonnie things, she was so good-natured. Don watched the two girls there among the flowers. Miss Millard was like a butterfly. Her hair was so golden, her cheeks were so pink, and her eyes were so blue, and her manner was so airy, as she fluttered here and there. And Bonnie's hair was smooth and dark, and her eyes soft and brown, and her manner quiet.

"She is like the little brown birds she loves to feed," Don thought.

Miss Millard admired and praised everything, and Bonnie gave her some flowers, and after that they met sometimes, and Miss Millard said everything that was pleasant about the quiet girl, and Don thought what a nice sensible girl Miss Millard was, and fell more deeply in love than ever.

Every summer brought a new love to Don. Last summer it was a dashing brunette, but his fancy for her died when she went away from the Mountain Hotel, and now Miss Millard ruled in her stead.

"I'm in earnest, Bonnie; a man always has a few little love affairs before he gets to the grand passion."

Bonnie smiled. She didn't remind him that he had said almost the same thing about the brunette, only last summer.

"Yes, I'm going to ask Blanche to marry me. You'd like to see me settled, Bonnie?"

"I want to see you happy," Bonnie said.

"I knew that, before you said it, Bonnie. You wish you it is different. You were never in love, were you, Bonnie?"

"Why, Don, you know I've never had a lover. With whom should I be in love?"

"Why, indeed! Well, my dear, you are better off just as you are. Run get me a flower or two for Blanche, Bonnie."

And Bonnie went and brought the best she had, and then she went up to Don's mother and read her to sleep.

"There's nobody like Bonnie," Don's mother used to say. "She's a jewel," and then she would look at Don's uncle and sigh.

The summer passed on, growing lovelier every day, and Don was as happy as the days were long. Then came a little cloud. Why should Uncle Jasper always look for Bonnie and linger over the flowers with her? What made him sit by while Bonnie sang or read to his mother? Uncle Jasper was really growing very stupid. Couldn't he see that Bonnie didn't like men? But as time passed on, Don didn't feel so sure about Bonnie not caring for men. Several times he found her in the parlor with his uncle, when he came in from a delightful evening with his beautiful Blanche.

What did it mean? He determined to ask Bonnie. So one sunny morning, when she was gathering roses in the front garden, he went out to help her. Suddenly she dropped the armful of flowers she had gathered.

"Look, Don, oh do look down the road! They are running away!" she cried, and Don ran to the gate, and there, tearing along the road, came Miss Millard's ponies.

Bonnie saw him clinging to the bits; she saw other men hurry up, and then she saw Don lying in the dusty road. The carriage had passed over him. The ponies were quiet now; Miss Millard was standing with the rest around Don, her pretty face as white as the snowy plumes that drooped from her hat.

"I hope he isn't hurt. I am quite myself. This is too bad!" she was saying, while Bonnie helped the men to carry Don into the house.

Miss Millard came next day to see him. She kissed him prettily before them all, and wept in the daintiest manner in a lovely little handkerchief. Don was quite overcome. Bonnie gave him some bad medicine, and declared he must be quiet.

At last, one day, Miss Millard met the doctor as he was leaving the house, and told her that Don's leg would have to be amputated.

"Oh, you don't mean it!" she cried. "It can't be true. Such a dancer as he is! Oh, doctor, you can't be so cruel!"

The doctor looked at her from under his shaggy brows. "Maybe it's the best luck in the world," he said.

Bonnie was in the hall. "Is this that I hear true?" Miss Millard asked. "Is Don to lose his leg?"

"Yes," Bonnie answered.

"A one-legged man! There is something so ridiculous—ludicrous in the idea. I declare it oughtn't to be allowed."

"It must be done," Bonnie said.

"Do you think he would expect me to keep my engagement with him? Because I certainly cannot; you see how impossible it is."

Bonnie looked at her much as the doctor had done. "If you feel that way, I think Don is fortunate; but he loves you. Weak as you are, his love makes you all that is good. Won't you think of this? Remember Don was trying to serve you! Maybe he saved your life," Bonnie pleaded, tears in her eyes.

"I dare say he would have done as much for anyone else. I do thank him, but can't marry a man with only one leg. Just think of the offers I've refused! No, I really can't. I shall go home to-morrow and I'll write to him. You can give him the letter when he is able to bear it. I hops it won't go hard with him."

Bonnie went upstairs and left her standing in the hall. And the days went on. Don bore up beautifully under his trial. He hadn't learned of Miss Millard's desertion. He was very happy with his mother and Bonnie taking turns at waiting upon him.

One day his mother told him that Bonnie had gone for a drive with his Uncle Jasper. "It is about settled between them, Don, and I am glad. Bonnie deserves the best husband in the world, and Jasper is devoted to her," she went on, and Don closed his eyes to think about it. Yes, it was a good thing for Bonnie. Uncle Jasper was a very rich man as well as a very good one. Of course it was a very good thing for Bonnie, but it would be dreadful to lose her out of the house! When she came in, flushed and bright from her drive, Don felt less glad and happy; he hardly knew why. Bonnie noticed it, and decided to give him Miss Millard's letter. She went out while he read it.

"It's all over, Bonnie," he said, when she came back.

"I know it," Bonnie said. "It's hard now, Don; things always are at first, but one can bear them with less pain after a while."

"Do you know that, Bonnie, or have you only heard it?" he asked.

"I know it," she said quietly, and finding her place began to read to him. He hardly followed her along the pretty story; he was wondering how it was that Bonnie had learned anything about sorrow. To be sure she had lost her father, but she had told him often that the peace and beauty of her father's death had taken away the sting of parting.

When his mother came to sit with him, and Bonnie was among the flowers, Don asked if his uncle was really engaged to Bonnie.

"It is the hardest thing to understand, Don. Why, she has refused him, and he's going away!"

Don wondered more than ever now. "Bonnie," he said one day, "tell me why you refused Uncle Jasper?"

"How do you know I refused him?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm going to ask Blanche to marry me. You'd like to see me settled, Bonnie?"

"I want to see you happy," Bonnie said.

"I knew that, before you said it, Bonnie. Now, wish you it is different. You were never in love, were you, Bonnie?"

"Why, Don, you know I've never had a lover. Bonnie was very white. Don reached out and took her hand.

"I'm a selfish man, Bonnie, since I've been lying here. First, I learned that I love you, and then—ah, you hide your face from me; but you can't deceive me. You see that picture of mine on the mantel? Mother put it there when you sent Miss Millard's away. Well, last night I saw young Harry rise this picture. She thought I was asleep. Now, I want her to kiss me, for I love her, Bonnie. All the fancies that I have mistaken for love were nothing but the lightest ripples on the surface of the stream. My heart has always belonged to you, Bonnie. Now tell me if you really love me."

Bonnie she never had looked into her shining eyes and blushing face he wondered how any other face had ever seemed lovely to him.

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The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman Sleepers that run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A Second Joseph.

Peachblow Whiskers—Where'er yo git the crazy quilts?
Weary Raggies—Made 'em meself. Be'n writing to tailors all over de country for samples. Dey's de best English cloth in dem pants, and don't you fergis it!

A Middle-Weight.

"All right. Climb in. I am going in that direction."

"The train had pulled out of the way by this time, and the next moment the team was flying down the boulevard at its best gait, as if bent on throwing that it was a rare bargain even at $5,000.

On arriving at the bank, less than half an hour later, the business-like man got out of the buggy, went inside the building and came out again in about fifteen seconds.

"I am sorry to say," he observed, with much chagrin, "that the cashier says I haven't a cent in this bank!"

"Have you got a cent in any other bank?"

"No, sir. I am obliged to confess that the only hope I had of getting this money was here. That has failed me. I had set my heart on those horses, but I shall have to give them up. I am grateful to you, sir, for having brought me into the city, and I beg your pardon for the trouble and delay I have caused you. Good morn——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Did you put up this little job on me to save car fare down town?"

"I hope you will not think too hard of me for confessing that I did, but——"

"Then you have saved five cents by the transaction!"

"Yes, sir. That is what it would have cost me, if I had had it, to come in on the elevated."

"Yes, I see. You haven't really beat me out of any money, my friend, but you have come out ahead of me, and you are the first man that has done that within fifteen years, even to the tune of five cents. Here's a $5 gold piece for you, and if you will hunt Potter Palmer up some day when he's out driving and work this same little game on him, I'll give you a twenty."

He tossed the coin out on the sidewalk, gave his bays a light touch with the whip, and his buggy was soon lost to sight in the throng of vehicles going north on Dearborn.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

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St. Helens, England, is the seat of a great business.

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Salt does not enter into the food of the poor Venetians. They never taste it, and the hospital for scrofulous children at Lido is filled with those who have not had this necessary article in their food. Every evening I have noticed a poorly dressed woman, accompanied by two small children, a boy and a girl, go to a point on the river and lean over the edge of the wall and fill a bottle with the salt water. Becoming curious as to the use made of it, I approached her with an apology for the question, and asked her what she did with the sea water. Turning upon me a sweet, sad face, in which a trace of dignity were still visible, she replied that this was the only way she had of giving her children the taste of salt which they required. The tax levied upon this article by the government placed it entirely beyond the reach of the poor.

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of millinery, ready-to-wear clothing, and an elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

Not Quite Consummated.

A Chicago millionaire who had been exercising his team of bays on Michigan boulevard one morning, was on his way back to his downtown office. He was comfortably seated at Fortieth street a few moments on account of a Lake Shore passenger train that blocked the highway. A plainly dressed but business like man, who had been standing on the sidewalk, came out to the middle of the road, examined the horses with a somewhat critical eye, and said respectfully:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if this team and buggy are for sale?"

"I have not thought of selling the outfit," answered the man in the buggy, with an amused smile, "but I might, perhaps, if anybody should offer me a sufficient sum."

"May I ask your price for the horses, harness and buggy, just as they are?"

"Cash down?"

"Certainly."

"Why—I hardly—what do you say to $5,000?"

The man examined the horses again.

"I'll take them at that figure," he said, "but I shall have to go to the First National Bank to get the money."

A DOSE OF

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has saved many a precious life. Croup and Pneumonia are diseases that must be treated promptly, if at all. While you are preparing to call the doctor for your child, your neighbor has cured his little one with a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine should be in every household, especially where there are young children. Taken at the first symptoms, it checks the progress of disease, and cure soon follows.

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"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs. It cures when ordinary medicines fail."—A. W. Bartlett, Pittsfield, N. H.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly wonderful how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation."—Mrs. Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

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An Unknown Composer.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night by Johanna M. Forster and Harry A. Brown.)

FAR out in the suburbs of a great American city a rich and influential member of the stock exchange built himself a villa and surrounded it by a beautiful park.

Close beside it stood a neat cottage which was occupied by a gardener who sold his first vegetables at the villa and supplied the young people, of whom there were three, the eldest a girl of eighteen, with his choicest flowers.

The gardener also had children, a daughter of twenty and a son of twenty-two. The former was his only help in his business, as the son was a crippled dwarf who, unfitted for anything else, divided his time between his books and the piano, from which his long fingers were wont to bring forth most touching melodies of his own composition.

He was not a stout, burly fellow, as most dwarfs are, but had a frail, weak body which seemed bent forward by the enormous hump between his shoulders. He had big feet, yet the legs connecting them with his body were veritable pipe-stems. His arms were long, reaching below his knees, his chest was sunken away, his face bloated, his nose unshapely, while his mouth was extremely large. Altogether there were only two redeeming features. His hair was light and silky and clustered about his head as does a child's, while his expressive blue eyes were of rare beauty, and looked out from under his high, pale forehead with such mild sadness that all who looked into them were inspired with a supreme pity, and pity is akin to love.

This poor deformed youth led a very lonely life among his father's vegetable and flower-beds, or in his small attic among his books, the old piano, and his two canary birds. He hated the world, yet wished that he could love it. When he ventured upon the street many stood still to look at him. Children would leave their play to follow after him in wondering procession, while often one ruder than the rest would call him "Humpback." Then he would hobble back and take refuge in his little attic, or wander again among the flower-beds where he was shielded from the gaze of his tormentors.

Towards the side of the villa the shrubberies were less compact, which allowed him an excellent view of the adjoining park. The financier's children were not as rude as the children of the street, and although they would draw back at his approach, yet they did not scoff at him.

Only the eldest daughter did not shrink from him. Often, when she sat upon the veranda, her deep sympathetic eyes followed him upon his solitary walks among the flowers. Once she had asked his sister if it was he who played so beautifully upon the piano in the evening.

When the dwarf heard of it, his sensitive nature took offence at having attracted attention by what he considered his poor performance, and afterwards only played when the windows were closed.

One evening when he had finished playing, he extinguished his light and raised his window to enjoy the cool evening air. He sat down by the window and rested his unshapely head upon his hands.

Over the shrubberies and across a small lawn he could look into the parlor of the villa through the French windows, which were open to let in the cool air. He could see the financier comfortably resting in an easy chair and toying with his fat white hands his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. In a rocking chair sat his wife, while near her upon the floor her six-year-old daughter played with a tiny white kitten.

The elder daughter had just sat down at the piano. Now she would play some tender melodious fragment, and suddenly break into the glorious strains of martial music, but through all her moods his lonely heart strings vibrated with sympathetic unison.

He knew well the pieces she had chosen. This was Chopin, this Rubinstein, this Liszt, and now the wild, melancholy, bacchantic, gay Hungarian dance. How he regretted having molested this perfect player. How could he believe that his own fancy and composition were of any value? Never, never would he touch the keys of his piano again.

The young lady rose from the piano, her father clapped his hands together softly and discreetly and murmured a few words of praise, while his wife rocked slowly to and fro, humming one of the beautiful airs which she had just heard.

The player stepped out upon the veranda and stood looking up at the starry sky, or perhaps it was the attic window of the gardener's house. Perhaps the dwarf felt her gaze, for he retired from his place of observation and hid himself behind his curtains.

Again she entered the room and sat down at her instrument. Her slender hands seemed to wander over the keys as though searching for something. She is trying to recall a melody she has heard. Ah! she has found the key note and under her supple and subtle fingers, softly and clearly, beautiful strains are flowing forth. My God! What is that? With wide opened eyes and withheld breath the cripple listened. Was it his senses that were deceiving him, or was it true that his fancies had been pleasing to her? She was playing his compositions by ear, and how masterly she was doing it, with what deep feeling she rendered again his wild ecstatic melodies, the dreams of his lonely nights, the lamentations of his miserable life, and the sighs of his despairing heart!

Was it possible that these were the same? If so, he was a composer and his life had not been a failure. The unshapely head fell heavily on his arms and hot tears coursed down his pale cheeks; his sunken breast was shaken by sobs, but it was for joy.

The music stopped. Sympathetically he knew that the player was again coming out upon the veranda. He retreated from the room to his old piano. He began to play, and instantly his attic was filled with jubilant strains altogether different from anything he had ever played before. He was pouring out his soul in thanks to the interpreter of his composition.

It was wonderful, the lovely tones he brought from that old piano, and the whole family at the villa gathered, enchanted, upon the veranda to listen. Higher and higher swelled the glorious strain, then the melody was broken by a harsh discord, a few whining tones reached them, then all was silent—deadly silent. The next morning he was found lying upon the floor dead. He had been stricken with paralysis.

. . . . . .

Two days after he was buried. The fair player of the villa accompanied his sister to his grave, and round and over it they planted his favorite flowers.

I do not think she ever forgot him, for in her lonesome hours she often played his wild but beautiful compositions. Once she played them at a musicale, and all were enchanted. After many solicitations she allowed a professor of music to take down the notes as she played them, and they were afterwards published under the title, Last Thoughts of a Dying Musician.

But the end—the jubilant hymn of thanks of a released soul was left out. It he had taken with him into the land of purest peace and harmony.

Art and Artists.

WHEN anyone tells you that a certain artist is working hard in the country sketching from nature, before you accept the fact you should investigate the matter. Working hard in the summer means a great many things. For example, there is the business man whose wife is at the seashore and who writes her that he can not join her because matters are unusually active in business. So he stays home and attends to business by taking a cruise in a friend's steam yacht, making one of a merry bachelors' party who are provided with fishing tackle, guns, provisions and plenty of mineral water. Last week an artist who is summering not far from here, wrote to a friend:

"Am working hard. This is beautiful scenery. It truly inspires one. I feel like picking up my brushes all the time. Come down and see me when you can."

So one fine day the friend took a short journey and approached the pleasant spot where the artist was working hard. Did he find him out on some country road making the paint fly and turning out sketches and impressions at the rate of half a dozen an hour? On the contrary, the artist was discovered seated on a bluff with his feet hanging over, a fish rod in his hand and a few rock bass on the grass beside him. There were not any brushes, palette or paints in sight. The artist's nose was the color of a lobster, as though the sun had shone upon him many a time as he was seated on the bluff, studying nature in this novel manner.

"Hello; working hard?" said the friend.

"Eh! Oh, it's you. Yes, I'm working hard. Not this moment, though. Sometimes I am working real hard."

"I presume so. I showed your note to me to your wife and she told me to tell you not to injure your health with excessive industry."

"That's all right; I won't, though I have been very busy here. In fact, I have been so industrious that I was just taking a little recreation this afternoon. Have to do it, you know, or I would break down."

"I understand. But haven't you another fish-pole?"

"Oh, yes; I always keep an extra fishing rod for my friends."

After they had fished for some time and caught one more rock bass, the artist invited his friend to the studio, taking the fish with him. The studio was a small house and bore over the door a big sign, stating the occupation of the artist.

"We'll have to clean the fish, and then we'll have supper," said the painter. "I'm my own cook, housekeeper and second girl."

"But you must show me what you've been painting all these weeks."

"Oh, bother the pictures; let's not talk shop now. Just watch me clean these fish and then tell me if I'm not an adept at it. I never skin them; that spoils the flavor, but you watch the scales fly."

So saying they went to the rear of the "studio." The scales were as thick on the grass as though the ground was paved with silver.

"You've scaled a good many fish since you've been here, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, every day—I mean, sometimes I go fishing in the evening and then I usually catch a fish or two. Of course during the day I spend my time strolling around with my paints and canvas, observing the beauties of nature and striving to catch some of the remarkable effects that are to be found everywhere. Only the other day I discovered a little glen with a stream meandering through it which was so inexpressibly delightful, with the sunlight sifted through the foliage, that it seemed impossible for mortal hand to reproduce any of the glowing beauty, any of the charming tints that blended so softly—"

"And so you didn't paint it!"

"No; it would have been sacrilege. I just lay down on the bank and reveled in the scene—"

"And fished!"

"Well, I believe I did fish."

By this time the fish were cleaned and the two entered the studio.

"Now, show me some of your work, some of those charming impressions about which you wrote your wife," observed the visitor, as he glanced around the apartment without discovering any canvases covered with wet paint.

"Oh, never mind the impressions. Just watch me make biscuits. I can make them as light as the clouds in the sky or the foam on the sea."

He took off his coat and soon was covered with flour from head to foot—but the biscuits were a success. After a prime supper they seated themselves on the veranda and smoked.

A young country couple were seen approaching.

"We'd like to have our pictures took to-morrow," said the young man. The girl only blushed.

The artist sighed.

"Really, my friend, I am not looking for commissions, but——"

"Aren't you the tin-type man?"

"No, sir; I am not the tin-type man."

"Been't that your sign?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why can't we have our pictures took?"

"Because there is a great difference between an artist and a tin-type man."

"Oh, you're one o' them painter fellers?"

"I am."

"What'll you charge to paint me and Sally?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Good evening," and they vanished in the gloaming.

"You are going to stay with me a week?" said the artist to his friend.

"But——"

"No protests. You have brought your paints and canvases and I'll show you some delightful places to paint."

The next day they prepared for their trip and packed their canvases and paints.

"I think we might as well take a couple of fishing rods, although we probably won't use them," suggested the artist.

That day they passed fishing. The next day they fished in another place; the third day they went sailing. On the fourth day the artist said: "I guess there is no need of taking our canvases and paints with us."

"I guess not," acquiesced the other.

After that, by mutual consent, they only carried their rods. At the end of the week they separated regretfully.

"Tell my wife how hard I am working," said the artist, as he wrung the other's hand.

"I will. Promise me you won't paint too much, my boy, or you will become famous too quickly."

"I promise," was the earnest response.

*

Hogarth, the famous satirist, produced a picture that for its choice of subjects has never been equaled. Not long before the death of this genius, he set about executing what he facetiously termed The Tail Piece. While sitting at his own table in company with a number of boon companions, he was asked by one of them what would be the subject of his next drawing. He gloomily answered: "The end of all things." The next day he began the design for this painting, and when finished it proved a most ingenious and unique effort. He grouped together every thing that could denote "the end of all things." On the canvas was seen a broken bottle, a worn out stump of a broom, the broken butt of an old musket, an unstrung bow, a cracked bell, a crown crumbling to pieces, the ruins of a tower, the falling signpost of an inn called The World's End, a waning moon, the map of the globe burning, a gallows falling into decay—the chains which held the body of the executed criminal hanging down and broken—the god of day (Phœbus) lying dead in the clouds, a wrecked vessel, a representation of Father Time with a broken scythe and hour-glass, a pipe from which issued a faint cloud of smoke, an open play-book, with the legend *Exeunt omnes* (exit all) stamped in the corner, an empty purse and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. The finishing touch consisted of a broken palette upon which was inscribed the word "Finis." Hogarth never again took his palette in hand, and one month after The Tail Piece was finished he passed away.

The New Chancellor of McMaster University.

Theodore Harding Rand, the new chancellor of McMaster University, is on account of that appointment receiving considerable newspaper attention, and his great mental capacity and energy cannot be too highly spoken of. He it was who led the triumphant fight against separate schools in New Brunswick, when the influence of Ontario and the Dominion Parliament were utilized against the non-sectarian school system of that province. In 1860 Theodore H. Rand graduated from Acadia College, and at once engaged in teaching in the Horton Academy. At the close of the year he was solicited by the Government of Nova Scotia to accept the chair of classics in the Provincial Normal School, and accepted. He assisted in the preparation of the Free School Act passed in 1864, and was called by the Government to the position of superintendent of education. The school system was revolutionized. In 1870 he went to England and Ireland and on his return, at the request of the Premier, assisted in the preparation of a new school bill, and continued to act as superintendent of education until 1883, when he accepted the chair of history and education in Acadia College. In 1885 he stepped into the chair of didactics and apologetics in the Toronto Baptist College. The following year he became principal of Woodstock College, and then he took an active if not a leading part in the proceedings resulting in the incorporation of the Toronto and Woodstock institutions into one compact creation, McMaster University. For a thorough paper on Dr. Rand we would refer readers to the June number of *McMaster University Monthly*, wherein E. M. Saunders publishes a clever biography of the gentleman whose portrait goes herewith.

Theodore H. Rand

A Hunt in East York.

ONE fine autumn morning, that innate desire of man to kill awoke in me, and I determined to go hunting. I had neither gun nor hound, but a kind friend lent me his double-barreled shot-gun (an old muzzle-loader) and a mongrel he kept to watch his sheep. The dog and I both went off in high spirits and eager to distinguish ourselves. We first went to a wood behind the barn, and on the way I loaded the gun, putting in plenty of ammunition so as not to miss the first chance.

As we approached the wood I kept the dog at my heels, for his actions had as yet failed to inspire me with any confidence in him. Then with watchful eye and finger on the trigger, I advanced into the wood; no sound but the crackling of the dry twigs under my feet and the bleating of a stray lamb in the next field. At last my dog rushed forward, went through some wild gyrations and finally treed a chipmunk. The latter calmly surveyed my approaches; he probably had had some experience of amateur city sports. To aim and fire was the work of a moment, but no report; the squirrel chirped and jumped to another branch. I fired the other barrel and oh! what a terrible noise! But still he was chirping derisively in the tree, while I gazed ruefully at him from a restful position on the dry leaves where the gun with its gentle kick had extended me. And the dog was gone. I feared I had blown him to atoms, but on gathering myself up and looking round I saw a yellow streak disappearing over the farther fence of a ten acre field. My friend afterwards told me his dog was much afraid of thunder and always hid during a storm.

Not to be foiled, I next picked up a stone and threw it at the creature, and as I have gained some credit as a baseball pitcher down he fell, and after several blows with a stick I was able to put him into my game-bag. On examining my gun I found a large quantity of shot in one barrel and nothing more. No doubt all the shot had been in one barrel and all the powder in the other. Hence my misfortune.

I reloaded very carefully and resolved to look for larger game only. Accordingly I tramped and tramped, disregarding the squirrels and woodpeckers which now showed themselves in abundance. By two o'clock I had seen nothing but these, and moreover was very hungry. So I took the highway towards home, angry with myself and the whole world. As I plodded along disconsolately, a whirring noise startled me and I looked up to see a partridge—the ruffled grouse, I believe, is the proper name—flying from a clump of cedars by the roadside. I had no time to take aim, but soon saw another on a fallen tree, and this time I did not miss my shot. Now, how happy I was! my hunger had vanished and I would have shaken hands with my worst enemy.

When I reached home they told me that my partridge was full of lead and no good at all. But what did that matter? I had killed it.

NORMAN.

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?—*Victor Hugo.*

Why All This Pain.

For Saturday Night.

If pain be evil, then 'twere better far
The world were never made,
For it is full of pain. Life itself,
The greatest blessing, is first the product,
Then the cause of pain unutterable.
So pain in this our natural lower world,
At least is not all evil. But there are
Different kinds of pain. The lamb flees
From the devouring, tearing wolf. The squirrel
Borrows to avoid the cold which causes pain.
The beaver with it finite labor and pain
Lays up stores of food, for business pain.
The moth flies right into the light and burns.
Think of this and bear the pain. You must,
Turn how you will, have pain and sorrow.
Bear them like a man.

See how the birds and fishes
Suffer and murmur not! How the salmon
Up the rapid streamlet swims to spawn and die;
How sparrows freeze and die in winter;
How the working-bee can sting and perish;
How the poor in crowded cities hunger,
Thirst and feel the cold and misery.
See how the mother, the right mother
Tears her very soul out for her child.

Will you then, strong one! man! Will you
Revile your Maker and your kind because
You too must feel the torture? It is true
That in proportion as your mind is clear
And your pure love is strong, the pains
You have are greater. A "wooden man",
Can have no passion; But you are nobler,
Made more noble by enduring. Dare the pain,
Love more, and that means load yourself
With more pain, and God, for God is Love,
Will be with you and make your glory like His own.

J. M. M.

Golden Gates.

For Saturday Night.

I stood by the window one evening
When the sun was sinking low,
And the shadows a mantle were weaving
To cover the earth below;
And the crimson gates of the west
Were flooded with amber and gold,
A gleam of that home of the blest,
Whose glories to us are untold.

And I wondered if the bright angels,
When they bore our loved one away
To the beautiful home o'er the river,
Where life is an endless day,
Passed through these clouds bright and golden,
As they went to the land of the blest;
That heaven lies just over yonder
Near the golden gates of the west!

And I thought of some lives around us
That are wondrously fair to behold,
And filled with kind, noble actions,
Each day new beauties unfold.
And I thought when to them comes the ever,
Their life-sun sinks down to rest,
They will leave such a halo behind them,
As new floods the gates of the west!

Cobourg, Ont. DELLA ROGERS.

Fond Recollection.

For Saturday Night.

Through memory's frost-dimm'd panes I gaze
Out o'er the storm and night,
And on the far horizon, dim
There gleams a flickering light.

'Tis the light of a boyhood's friendship
Put asunder long since, but again
The scenes of my youth, as I watch it,
Flood my soul like some loved lost refrain.

And now fann'd by life-giving zephyrs,
The faint spark brighter glows
Till on memory's wall, long darken'd,
A dazzling light it throws.

What pictures there hang before me!
Pictures of youth's bright days
When as true-tried friends we wandered
'Mid fortune's brightest rays.

Again I see that lake-side road,
That far-spread sandy shore,
And with fancy's feel I wander
Across its beauties once more.

The same sea washes at my feet,
The same bright skies hang o'er;
While the far white sails, like angels,
Go by as in days of yore.

But tho' those scenes unchang'd arise,
Their olden charm is gone,
The wind's wild laugh to a wail is turned,
I stroll on the shore alone.

Ah, golden days! Time's fresh'ning breeze
Hath borne life's barque o'er the sea
And carried, with all my vanished joys,
My childhood's friend from me.

A. L. McNAB.

A Day.

For Saturday Night.

The hazy clouds are thunder charged,
And pile on pile stretch o'er the sky;
The wind swirls eddies in the street,
Then hurries by.

A stretch of desert in the street,
An arid waste the broad highway;
Like melted silver gleams the lake,
This heated day.

A single bird with listless note,
Is stirring in the maple's shade;
The noisy children ring their shouts,
In yon cool glade.

A sudden hiding of the sun,
A drop or two of heavy rain;
All o'er the darkening sky is seen,
The lightning's flame.

BERT KELLY.

To a Daisy.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet little daisy to-night thou dost rival
Thy weaver's emblem, the *fleur-de-lis*;
Oh! keep his heart pure like thy petals of white
That looked like some star if obliquely.

Didst thou envy my rose of crimson hue?
That I culled 'fore the sweet vesper chime,
Had rung its sweet notes on the evening air,
The Sabbath's holiest, happiest time.

And the sunset so grand spoke of the sweet peace,
That come from a heart which from pain has release.

Goderich, Ont. ELOISE A. SMITHSON.

The Balcony.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

For Saturday Night.

Take no favors from the fair,
Heed no promises they give;
Even of their smiles beware,
Bitterness doth in them live.
All of life is vain regret,
Let the heart this lesson know;
Care not if they do forget,
Only know 'twas ever so.
Neither constant they nor kind,
Yet, alas, is true love blind.

Cobourg. ADANAC.

Between You and Me.

PERHAPS the American tourist is the most easily satisfied of all his kind, for, generally speaking, his home scenery consists of bricks of bare houses, wooden fences, untkempt country and unlimited mud. We have but little time, we busy folk, to dream away days on the St. Lawrence Islands, to sit mutely and worship Niagara, to dive into the caves of Kentucky, to roam across the great Lone Land to the North-West, or to scramble and clamber through the Yosemite and over the Rockies! And when we leave our own wonderland of grandeur and grace unvisited, and come across the water here or there, to Alpine Pass or Hibernian Lake, we are apt to confuse the joy of our leisure and the happiness of our holiday with the general view, and credit all the good things to the scenery. This protest is intended to get square, as it were, with the ecstatic state of my feelings at this present moment.

With the proud consciousness of a difficult task accomplished, I expressed my dear little Raglan wheel back to Dublin at the giddy hour of midnight last night, and crept into bed at Killarney, a thoroughly tired out and very well contented Lady Gay. I assure you! For I had "got there" in the most complete and emphatic manner, and though you are dusty, travel-stained, bone and muscle weary, cramped in the hands and sunburned in the face, it isn't at all a bad sort of a holiday outing to ride on a bicycle from Dublin to Killarney! And when you get to Killarney you get into paradise! As I write, the golden June sun is shining as if it couldn't shine bright enough; the sweet green hedges are a tangle of honeysuckle and ivy and wild roses; the smooth, delightful Irish roads are lovingly circling the emerald fields and gleaming like white threads up and down the mountain side; the noble trees are freshly washed by some shower which fell yesterday, last night, who knows or cares when? so that no dust lies anywhere. A gray ruin is behind me, storied island and deep blue water on every side, and rocking in the light boat, occasionally giving a strong pull in the teeth of a cool breeze, is an ideal Irish boy, young and strong and bonnie, whose close kinship to myself prevents me from telling him just how nice he is. The proper boatman, an English ex marine, in white ducks and jersey and sailor cap, gave my Irish ideal rather a shock; but on the whole he is a relief, and is certainly excruciatingly funny, as he calmly yarns off the most outrageous legends and tarradiddles of every sort in a sort of compulsory and unwilling manner, altogether at variance with the twinkling humor of his Irish comrade. I am glad of him, for, between you and me, I am getting very tired of the Irish guides and the Irish *modus operandi* generally. So much humbug doth make me mad!

*

Our Warwickshire ex-marine is so tan, and his clothes don't look as if one gust of wind would blow them off, and his jaunty air is not affected and insincere but the result of long training in cleanliness and spruceness, and I can respect even his unholy talks of bygone Irish Rapparees. "That is the O'Donoughue's prison," he remarks, pointing to a bleak rocky islet. "I don't know who he put in it, to be sure, but so it is called." (An Irish guide would have promptly clapped a Dowager O'Donoughue or a hundred captive warriors into that wee rock, but not so our ex-marine). "And that's his library," (as we pass a lot of oblong stones,) "the one on the top, with the yellow moss on, "is his Bible; he comes down here every seven years on a May day morning and reads in it!" The Irish boy whoops with disdainful incredulity, but the marine calmly repeats the whole tarradiddle. "That's O'Donoughue's horse," he continues, pointing to a group of rocks. "When the chief comes down and gets his followers out, they ruction round on the lake and he rides on that horse." "But it has no head," I object. "Well," says the marine seriously, "the last time he was here he rode it so hard its head dropped off, as you see, Miss!" A little further on—"That is the home of McCarthy More, who thrashed the priest because he began the mass before McCarthy came into chapel." (The next time I see our own particular congregation in Toronto flocking early to church, I shall certainly think of the change since McCarthy More's time.) But I might go on for an hour, as the boatman did, telling such like tales, which he interspersed by forays after water lilies, and arbutus and such delightful harvest of this land of song and story. When we come back from our row, I groan as I think of what a ride I could have, were wheels only to be had as easily as boats. The roads are fairly crying out to be ridden on. However, there is luncheon to eat and sundry bog oak trifle to purchase, and views to select, and I dare say the wheel and I have done enough lately to earn us a day or two of respite. What rides we have had; that first day from Dublin to Glen-da-lough, through Powerscourt, about fifty miles, think of it, sister wheels, and not to be very tired either, but ready for a scramble over the mountain to St. Kevin's bed, of which you shall hear another time. We have raced down hills, at which my hair arose, but where I dared not, for the honor of the "red and blue" I carried on my handle bar, put on a brake! We have climbed mountains when I had to shut my eyes and pretend it was fancy which made them seem so steep. We have slithered through mud and plodded through teeming rain, run down pigs and donkeys and an Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, have rested in peasant's hut and bishop's palace, and are still alive.

LADY GAY.

Lady Henry Somerset was very favorably impressed with the condition of American women, which she considers superior to that of the women in her own country. In a recent address she said: "I was particularly impressed with the conduct of women in public meetings. They might argue vehemently and disagree during the meeting, but when it was over the disputants would leave the hall arm in arm, chatting on terms of perfect amity. In England such a discussion would involve a personal quarrel. American women understand public affairs, but English women have yet to be taught them—that is the difference."

Individualities.

Millinery is a special talent of the Queen of Denmark, and of her three daughters, the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland. They developed it as girls, and practiced it until their marriage.

Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the *fiancee* of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, is declared to be the prettiest member of the British royal family. She is devoted to yachting. Besides beauty she possesses a large fortune in her own right, which is doubtless a subject of congratulation with her betrothed.

One of the most popular writers of the day in France, the Comtesse de Martel, who is better known by her pseudonym of "Gyp," is a great-niece of Mirabeau. She is a leading spirit in both society and Bohemian circles in Paris, and devotes herself to reproducing and satirizing the follies and light vices of the day.

Jean Ingelow is now sixty-two years of age, although the admirers of her poetry may find difficulty in crediting the statement that she can grow old. She still works hard, and finds relaxation in the study of botany. Three times a week she gives what she calls a copyright dinner, to twelve poor persons just discharged from hospitals.

Ida Lewis, who used to be known as the Grace Darling of America, is passing her days in peaceful and happy obscurity. She is now Mrs. William H. Wilson of Black Rock, Conn. She was born at Newport, R. I., in 1841, her father being keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse. When eighteen years old she saved from drowning four young men whose boat had been upset, and in the next few years she performed half a dozen more feats of daring. This part of her career ended, however, with her marriage.

The late Charles Stewart Parnell left two brothers, John Howard Parnell, a man of nearly fifty, who lives in Georgia, and Henry Tudor Parnell, a barrister-at-law, who is a few years younger, and who lives on an estate in Ireland. Each of these brothers is collegebred, and each, like the late Mr. Parnell, is a man of fine physique. Americans are more familiarly acquainted with the elder brother, whose Georgia peach farm is occasionally "written up" in the press. He bears a marked facial resemblance to the deceased Home-ruler, and is a strong adherent of his cause, but an unconquerable diffidence prevents him from advocating it with success on the platform.

The sale by M. Alexander Dumas of the rare art treasures in his Paris house was not due to the dictation of economy, for he is, in all probability, the richest of French authors. The income he receives from his successful plays is large, and this is increased by the royalties from his father's novels, and by the handsome marriage portion brought him by his wife, a Russian lady of rank and fortune. M. Dumas is missed nowadays from the Paris boulevards, where his eccentric figure was once well known. He has retired to his country seat at Marly, and expects to pass the remaining years of his life there. These years will probably not be many, for though still designated as Dumas *fils*, the author of the Lady of the Camellias is seventy. He has almost entirely abandoned literary work.

It is rather refreshing, in the face of the accounts of Whitelaw Reid's princely castle at Ophir Farm, and retinue of scarlet-liveried servants, to read of the genuine simplicity of Grover Cleveland's life in the frame cottage at Buzzard's Bay, where a German cook and an Irish "spatain girl" suffice for the wants of the modest household. It is a peculiar circumstance, by the way, that whereas Democratic officials retain the modest train of life advised by the father of the party—the incomparable Jefferson—Republicans, when advanced to power, assume a sumptuous extravagance that smacks strongly of imperial tastes and ambitions. The moment the Harrisons came to Washington, it will be recalled, there was a great outcry on their part of their inconvenences and inelegancies of the White House. Even in the matter of equipage they broke through the long-established customs and traditions of national etiquette, and instituted a splendor of livery quite out of harmony with the general tenor of modes in the executive mansion. In this connection it is decidedly pleasant to read that the Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Russell, rides in on his horse every morning from his home in Cambridge to the State House in Boston, a distance of about three miles, and takes his seat at his desk, booted and spurred, for the transaction of the morning's official business. He is the most democratic governor Massachusetts has had for many years, and after the routine of the day is over he is accessible to any visitor who chooses to call on him.

Modern *litterateurs* may find something of interest in an account given by Dr. Ireland of an episode at an art exhibition held in Manchester in 1857: "While we were looking at the pictures of the Old Masters, I saw Alfred Tennyson and Woolner, the sculptor, enter the room together. I pointed them out to Hawthorne, who looked long and steadily at Tennyson. I said to him, 'Will you not speak to him and shake hands with him?' to which he replied, 'Oh, I could not do that. I never saw him before; it would be obtrusive,' etc. 'Nonsense,' said I; 'let me go to him and tell him you are in the room; I am sure he would be delighted to meet you and exchange greetings.' 'No, no; I cannot allow you to do this.' I again remonstrated with him. I urged him to join hands with Tennyson, in spite of conventional introductions and stupid earthly limitations and customs. I contended that the fact of their being in the same room and within a few insignificant feet of each other on this very day had been evidently ordained from the beginning of time, and that it would be a wilful thwarting of the designs of Providence if the meeting did not become an actual and accomplished fact—that such meeting was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, etc. All to no purpose. He was inflexible. So these two men never spoke to each other in this world. Hawthorne afterward recorded in his journals how Tennyson was pointed out to him on this occasion, and he devotes several pages to a minute and elaborate description of him, showing the quickness and keenness of his observation."

The Great Northern To Mackinac.

"Or northward to Algoma's shore
To Manitou, Maginagowan, Minisunga,
Mantowaning, Onuchkching, Shegudadah,
Nepigon, Nipissing, Kagawong,
Mackinac, Washnapitae, Wikwemikong."
And Other Ballads.

THIS is what it is: To drop the thread of care for a week, to turn one's thoughts into freshening channels, to lie abstracted in blissful reaction, to gaze with untiring eye on the variations of sea and shore, to inhale the vivifying influences of sun and air, to add one brighter stone to the dull mosaic of life—this is what it is, in some degree, to trip it to Mackinac and back on the steamers of the Great Northern. From the prosaic realities of smoky Adelaide street or hoof-trodden Yonge, from the nerve-racking poundings of cylinder presses and the exasperation of "central" and other bells, to a quiet nook near the pilot house of the steady Baltic, it is a far call; yet after having journeyed to Collingwood through as fine a country as Ontario possesses, and seen and tasted and traversed Georgian Bay, the imagination of the traveler will be frequently invoked to transport him to so lovely a scene in the dull days which may succeed his visit. The Great Northern Transit Company has a fleet of four staunch steamers, one of which, the Northern Belle, plies to Parry Sound and adjacent ports, while the Pacific, Baltic and Atlantic make the trip to far-off Mackinac each in five or six days. On arriving at Collingwood the tourist will in all probability be met by the manager of the line, Mr. Charles Cameron, whose untiring efforts add much to the popularity of the route. It is right here at the dock that the tourist—the tired and weary seeker, I mean—feels the burden of care fall from his shoulders. The haste and precision of the railroad carries with it a certain amount of worry, but when I viewed the preparations at the gangway of the Baltic I felt I was at home. Neither Captain Robertson nor the purser were in a hurry to begin their duties. Were any excursionist delayed half an hour, Captain Robertson is not the man to throw off his lines and make him await the next boat. Was it not his function to be obliging? And I will also here state that this is one of Captain W. Tate Robertson's charms as a skipper. He is not in a hurry; his presence is an anodyne to anxiety. Does any traveler care to examine the rural beauties of a Manitoulin landing, he is not the man to cause him to wilt his collar in a wild rush for the boat. Everybody knew this, and the captain's little admonitory toots were sufficient, and though the water was as calm as a mill pond not a man was lost. I think that perhaps one reason was that which lay in everyone's anxiety to get in the captain's way. He had such a nice grist of sailors' yarns stowed away in his hold, and at the least hint he raveled out, so to speak, in a very pleasant fashion. To large ability as a sailor, the captain invariably added unfailing kindness towards his passengers.

The Georgian Bay has a beauty all its own. If there is any one section of this globe which reflects more brightly than others the light of heaven, it will be the Georgian Bay. Henceforth Toronto Bay, as a depository for all that is unclean, should take on a new designation, and those who know these waters will not take this as a reflection, I trust. The waters of the Georgian Bay are wonderfully limpid. They are the home of fish that thrive best in the cool, clean depths. In Wiarton or Colpoy's bay this quality of purity is to be fully appreciated. Away down many feet, moving slowly over the sandy bottom may be seen great monsters of the pickerel and pike varieties. What a quiet life the *genus piscies* leads! As the guide book says, "No smoke, no noise, no oppressive heat." But, alas, even these creatures are not free from the care which so weighs down our sobler humanity. The secret is not that they have a conscience and worry over the lies that are told in their name, but that there are bigger fish in the sea than are ever caught, and so the first lesson the young whitefish learns in his "school" is that of alertness. I have alluded to fish at length because they are a large feature of the Mackinac trip. We see them at the packing-houses in closely arranged layers, separated by their natural element still but frozen to a point past comfort; we see them in the nets of the fishermen or impaled on the prongs of a hay fork (what an unnatural crop these hay forks stow away!) and we see them in generous sections at the steamer table, fried, baked and boiled in an appetizing way, full of the nerve-giving phosphorus fresh from the depths below the wheels.

But speaking of the Georgian Bay, the charm which it and the waters of the North Channel possess is distinct from that of any other body in the great lakes. It is probably not over-stating it to say that the waters are of the largest interest to tourists of any in the chain. The reason is in the vastness of this northern sea, coupled with its diversification of river and lake scenery. After the first long stretch is passed from Owen Sound to Killarney, at the head of Manitoulin Island, the remainder of the route is a combination of river and lake views. For hours the boat may hold her course in open water, giving distant glimpses of ridge after ridge of the blue and rocky Laurentians stretching as far as the eye can reach. Then the traveler sees apparently the end of his journey, for no outlet is visible, when straightway the vessel veers round some island point, and through a narrow channel it enters upon a succession of small lakes, dotted with innumerable islands, possessing the wildest sort of beauty. Bare, smooth-worn, rugged, many of them stand. Others have scanty vegetation and a fringe of trees, but more are clothed from the water's edge to a rising summit with living green. Some of a circular shape with rounded sides resemble huge globes of stone protruding from the water, looking as if they might have been footballs for the gods when the earth was building. But they are all cruel, terrible looking, and woe betide the keel that bumps upon them in storm and darkness. The beauty of these islands requires to be seen to be appreciated. Take a look at one as we round a point. There in the sunshine a mile away floats an islet crowned with verdure—a bouquet of green on the soft mantle of Georgian blue, whose edges are ever beautified by the ribbon of lace which the ceaseless waves ravel out at its base. Why is an island the most interesting conformation of land? No reason surely but some human impulse, for the land is often no more beautiful than as much turf elsewhere. Is it not in the sense of loneliness and distinction which its solitary outline suggests? And then England, the greatest country, is an island, the greatest island.

Thoughts such as these, or better ones, flit through the care-rid mind of the traveler as the six days' panorama goes on. Past Cape Smith we go, and why called a cape or why Smith, for that matter, no one offers an explanation. We infer that it is set down in the maps of public information, like many another distinguished nothing or nobody, because of its inherited prominence.

There are some twenty-two ports to be called at both ways. Most of them supply either lumber or fish to the "other half" and possess little interest, and the sympathy which some were inclined to bestow on the fishermen is said to be wasted, as they lead the happiest lives in the world. At Bruce Mines is to be seen a depressing monument of wasted capital, but there is a small mountain of crushed quartz which would make the fortune of any one of Toronto's muddy thoroughfares. The running of the Sault river affords an eventful afternoon. In many respects it resembles the St. Lawrence, below Kingston, amidst the Thousand Isles. At the Sault Ste. Marie, on both sides, though business is greatly decreased, is still great activity. The new locks on either side are being pushed to completion, but will take several years to finish. This section of the great lakes has in it at all times probably more tons of shipping than is to be seen in any other parts, and it is claimed that the "Soo" canal does a greater business than the Suez. From the "Soo" it is a half a day's voyage to the "sea-girt fairy isle" of Mackinac, the end of the trip, but by no means the consummation of it. It is a circular conical island crowned with forest, through which are charming white (dusty) roads. We might have a Mackinac here. Twine Toronto Island into a circle, pile on it a high section of Wells' hill, transplant the old fort, and there you are! By the aid of a lively imagination most of the points shown may be considered of interest. On the brow of the hill facing the harbor stands Fort Mackinac, a U. S. military post. The town is composed of hotels, photographers and souvenir vendors, but these things may be avoided by hiring a skilful hackman and taking to the everlasting hills and woods on top. It was therefore with something of relief that I heard the whirr of the paddle-wheels on the homeward trip, and before I close I will relate an incident which has forever imprinted on my heart that delightful spot, Killarney, Ontario. It is a small fishing village situated on a narrow strait between Manitoulin and the main land. At six o'clock in the morning of the "glorious twelfth" we entered this strait on the return trip. The island has a delightful sloping bluff dotted with fishermen's villas, while across the waters stretches a piece of lovely pastoral country away to a ridge of the Laurentians, then dimly displaced through the blue curtain which they so often wear. But the mountains are not the only beauties which need a veil. The sun shone brightly, as it always does in romantic scenes such as this. At a little indentation in the shore stood the wigwam of an Indian family. Big Injun sat in apostolic fashion, mending his nets, for he was a fisherman. Squaw peeked forth from the folds of the tent, evidently absorbed in her duties as autocrat of the breakfast table, while papooses played about indulging, shall I say, in miniature war-whoops as the steamer sailed by. But, loveliest sight of all, on a rock by the water's side, bathing (not washing) her little feet in its limpid edge, sat the Indian princess of this table. The sun shone brightly. It not only shone brightly on her, but it had evidently been doing so for a long period. The result would have called to my mind Holmes' line,

"Kiss mine eye-lids, beauteous more,"

had not my own eye-lids and entire face at that moment resembled more a map of the burnt district than a human face. From the landing I hastened back anxious to satisfy the interest I felt in this young creature. It was not every day I could interview a child of the forest. Mind you, I am not susceptible a bit—I'm married, you know—but as I neared her I breathed more quickly; why shouldn't I? it was an uneven bit of ground. I approached her and in my own naive sort of way addressed her, my thoughts in her presence naturally falling into verse. This is the love-tipped shaft I sent towards this maid of Killarney:

Sweet maid of Killarney,
Far be from me blarney,
Your beauty that mischief will spare;
But from here to far Mackinac,
Toronto from here and back
With you there is none to compare.

While sunning your tresses,
Your sweet smile is blessed
In radiance the neighboring air.
At your feet there are springing
Wild flowers that are flinging
An incense to beauty so rare.

O maid, in the gloaming,
When with you there's roaming
Some son of the Manitoulin;
As your red hand he presses
In loving caresses,
Do you think that to kiss would be sin?

Fair maid of Killarney,
Far be from me blarney,
Of dissimulation beware;
When lovers are gazing,
With red fingers pressing
The strands of your raven-wing hair,

While far some fair glade in,
(By the depths of the shade in
Thine eyes, my red maiden)
Be not half so coy, then,
But yield to your boy when
He maketh his fond lover's prayer.

"And could you, as a personal favor, my fair creature (to drop into plain prose, as I fear I weary you), could you direct my footsteps to some sylvan recess where the sparkling waters of the Manitoulin rise from their cool depths and offer grateful refreshment to my parched tongue—er—er—that is, I want a drink."

Quietly, without motion, save for a gentle directing of her inky eyes towards me, thus spake that Indian princess: "Humph, git drink quick enough, but if Injun' maiden was heap sunburned as paleface she crawl under wigwam."

And in accents low the deep-voiced neighboring lake or the forest primeval may have replied, but I did not. With studied thoughtfulness of manner, as if I had forgotten that breakfast was ready, I turned away and as I watched her from the deck of the retreating boat I heard a soft air issue from her lips, while the merry ripples in the bay at her feet kept time to a measure of which the refrain ran somewhat this way:

"Tarrarrarrah-boom-te-haigh,
Tarrarrarrah-boom-de-how."

Soon the singer ceased. My hopes were dashed. The boat sailed on, and soon a fog blew up and hid the vision of the fair maid of Killarney, Ontario, forever from my sight.

RONALD.

A Sagacious Child.

Three evenings in succession a mother saw her little six year old daughter approach her father, when he was absorbed in his evening papers, and ask for ten cents, and each time noticed that her father gave it to her and went on with his reading.

Later in the evening she called the little girl to her and said:

"Why do you ask your father for money every night? Don't you know that I would much rather that you came to me when you want anything?"

"But, mother," replied the child, "it is not because I want the money now, but only to get father into the habit of giving it to me when I ask for it."

H. A. B.

There are some circumstances in which it must be terribly "trying" to be an archbishop. This is the conclusion at which anyone must arrive who reads of the misfortune which befell His Grace of Canterbury in his recent endeavor to keep a dinner engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The Liberal leader and his wife, while lately staying in Carlton Gardens, issued dinner invitations to a small and select party of which Dr. and Mrs. Benson were to be members. By an unfortunate accident—so the story goes—the archbishop's invitation was sent out from Dollis-hill, on paper headed with the name of Lord Aberdeen's house. The primate and his wife, naturally supposing from this that the dinner was to be held at Willesbaden, betook themselves thither on the appointed evening, and on discovering the mistake had to drive all the way back to town, only arriving at Carlton Gardens when the dinner was well nigh done. Now, if the archbishop had been an ordinary layman, he might have given verbal vent to his feelings without fear and without much reproach when he had to return hungry and disappointed from the wilds of Willesbaden. But being the spiritual head of the church, he was of course obliged to meekly "grin and bear it." At any rate, we are bound to suppose so!

He Told the Truth

Dora Summergirl—You told me you were a gentleman of leisure; and now you say you have to go back to the city on business.

Launt Ennie—What I say is true. I am clerk in one of the Municipal offices, and have to go back to-morrow to draw my salary.—*Puck.*

HIS MARRIAGE MANIA.

Written for Saturday Night by Albert E. S. Smythe.

William Dander was accustomed to drop in upon me of an evening and amuse me with narrations of various alleged experiences of his own. I have endeavored to write them down just as he told them, which was in a slow drawl and with many puff-punctuations blown his pipe. We had been discussing the love affairs of some of our acquaintances and the subject recalled the following tale:

"No, I never knew or heard of any other man so unfortunate in his affections as Abel Seymour. And the pity of it was that most people thought him very lucky. Abel being better acquainted with him. I knew better, and every time I saw his name among the Births, Marriages or Deaths in the weekly paper, my sympathy for him grew deeper and deeper, and I hid name was hardly ever out of the column either. It was sometimes at such and such a church by the Rev. So-and-So, assisted by the Rev. Somebody Else, Abel Seymour to Mary or Kate or Keziah, eldest or youngest daughter of her parents. And sometimes it was the wife of Abel Seymour "of a boy or a child," or it might be Keziah or Kate or Mary, the beloved wife of Abel Seymour at his residence, funeral generally private; or perhaps the decease of one or two children would be recorded. Anyhow, for twenty years hardly six months ever went past without some announcement concerning Abel Seymour's family affairs. And of course that kind of thing would attract the sympathy of any right-minded man. At all events, I took quite a melancholy interest in his history and hunted up his record previous to the time I met him, which was shortly before he began to figure in the family despatch column. He had been left an orphan at the age of twenty, with no relatives in the world, with nothing, in fact, but steady habits and a large banking account, one of the rarest combinations between here and where she sells. Well, when a man gets to be twenty years of age he is apt to fall in love all round the farm, and if he has no experiences and no advisers, it is a sticklish time for him. But, as I said, Abel was a steady lad, and did his courting as straight as a clergyman. Of course there were a good many girls he particularly admired, but one caught his fancy above all the rest. Abel lived some way out of town at this time, and used to come in every morning to a shop where one or either learned or taught—I couldn't discover which. He came in the omnibus, and in the same vehicle there used likewise to come in every morning a very fine-looking young lady, younger sister. As Abel had no adviser, and this was a first case, he was as modest as Moses and politer than Aaron, and hardly dared look at the girl lest he should offend her. And he was so ashamed of his feelings that he couldn't screw up courage to ask who she was lest people might find out why and laugh at him. One morning, however, the young lady didn't get in as usual, and the sister did. While he wondered what kept her he heard a some other girl asking, 'Where was Jane?' He immediately blushed very red, and decided that Jane was the loveliest name that anybody ever was christened. Now, I wouldn't call a cow Jane myself, but I know men who admire barrel organs for their mu ic. Not long after that he met the two sisters turning into a stockbroker's office in one of the business streets, and some inspiration helped him to the conclusion that this was her father's place of business. Another suggested that if he found in the directory the stockbroker's name among the residents in the suburbs from where his Jane emerged every morning, he would have proof of her surname. Accordingly, he got hold of a directory in the public meeting-place in suspiciously like the caretaker thought he was going to steal it, though he only felt nervous with the doubt that everyone knew when he wanted it for a purpose. He was not sure enough there they were in both places—Lorimer Hobson, stockbroker, in the terrace, and ditto, ditto, in the suburbs. But if there were any chance of his forgetting it, the poor, silly took a note of it in his pocket-book. Why, he'd have forgotten his grandmother's first, if she hadn't been his first case. I believe he never would have looked at that girl again, for a man grows particular after he has had some sweethearts with whom nothing ever came of, and Maude and Isabel, but poor Abel was innocent and he wrote Jane Hobson in his pocket-book as fough it had been the name of the woman a woman has answered to since Eve had a girl baby.

"Well, Abel used to go dodging round that girl's house, and hanging about like a rat round a trap, investigating, but never offering to go to the front door, which, of course, being a stranger, and a perfect stranger at that, he couldn't very well do. The girl must have noticed him, for he would keep turning up at every corner of the place, shopping in town, and he even found out what church she went to, and took to sitting in a pew opposite hers. This happened to be lucky for him; for one night there was some sort of church gathering, an annual feast or fiddling or something, and in the course of the business a mutual friend introduced Mr. Seymour to Mr. and Hobson. He was as backward at first as a crop of early potatoes, and he could hardly look her in the face. She was mighty agreeable, however, on seeing that he was a handsome young man, and that she probably knew he was comfortably provided for, I have nothing to say against her but one thing, she was a bigger fool myself that night and watched them pretty closely, till by and by he plucked up heart enough to ask some of the finest and most clumsy pawkery I used to admire in him years after when he was more of a veteran. I'll not say he took her fancy all at once that night, but I know first a week afterwards, when he had twice viewed her three times and was still too bashful to kiss her in the dark, she wouldn't have taken another man for the asking, had he been all diamonds. I met him a month later one day on the street and you could have seen gilding sitting on his lips, and cream in his mouth. This meant that old Hobson had consented. He might as well, for she'd have eloped if he hadn't, and it's the correct thing to make a virtue of a necessity sometimes. Old man Hobson made a solid virtue out of this one at all events, and got his daughter as well satisfied as a man can expect to in a Christian country.

"You can judge Abel was happy, too, it being his first venture in matrimony, and he knew no forebodings nor nothing; and for a year things went along in that house just as happy as a cargo of kings, just swimming—hardly as rough as that—simply floating. He never thought such a happy time again, for in a year the tide turned and the poor girl died. I was pretty sorry myself, for I had got to like her, and was the most desperate total terror I ever saw. I believe if it hadn't been for the baby, a poor, wee bit of a thing just beginning a month old, he'd have pickled himself in cold water. But there was another fate in store for him, and after the funeral he came round a bit, and the stormy part of his grief subsided. He took to writing verses, too, and that helped to soothe him and worked off his superfluous feelings. Some of them were most affecting, and I could show you one full of loving sentiments, with a touching reference to that text about two people sitting grinding near one mill, and the one is taken and the other left. Took is not the best English, but he had to make it rhyme with shepherd's crook, you see, and so he had to make free with the grammar. I think the Queen's license is to be had for taking liberties with her English. Anyhow it was mighty lonely grinding Abel must have found it, and as he couldn't take care of a whole baby himself, and the nurse he had was fonder of treating herself to the bottle than giving it to the child, he sent off and got some sort of a distant connection to come and keep house for him. She was a niece of his uncle's wife's sister's sister-in-law, if I recollect, and was a good deal older than he was and not any handsomer than relations of that remoteness usually are. She must have been tolerably smart and diplomatic though, and I fancy she worked on his feelings for the child, persuading him to give it a mother so it might be properly nurtured and admonished. Anyhow, in less than six months she was Mrs. Abel Seymour. I believe the infant knew somehow and resented the marriage, and as he couldn't forbid the banns he decided to annul the contract. Six weeks after the wedding that child just subscribed for the worst edition of whooping cough that was in circulation, and laid himself out to spread it. Now the second Mrs. Abel never had the whoop, and as the opportunity wasn't to be missed she was laid up in a week, and in ten days more Abel was wearing a new hat band. I can't say honestly I was sorry about her. You see she was a sort of an interloper, and even the baby didn't take to her. I couldn't judge Abel's own feelings very well, but I safely say he was surprised, and too much surprised to be very sorry. It does seem natural that when a man of twenty-two finds himself a widower for the second time, he should think more of his position than of what brought him to it. Then he was occupied a good deal with the baby for the next two years. It must have had a tremendous constitution for an infant. It took all the regular diseases one after the other, one down, the other came on, croup, chilblepox, quinsy, scarlatina, mumps, measles and worry-thing, besides others, and cut its teeth in the intervals, and had fits all before it could ask for its medicine. There was an amazing amount of human nature in a child of that kind, and it became quite an object of interest to all the womenfolk about. Then its father got to have a far greater interest for the younger ones. He was growing handsomer every day, and it isn't often one sees such a straight, tall, solemn-looking fellow with coal black hair and a mustache that would have been becoming to anarchangel. And he had the loveliest eyes that ever would a woman, and that's saying a good deal. They were dark violet, as deep as a well, and the great, long, black lashes that hung over them gave his face the tendrest expression a man can wear. He was well off also, for the second Mrs. Abel had a good deal of property when she died, and that of course was added to his original fortune. So the girls used to their best Sunday bonnets at him, and presently one or two began to overstep the rest. The first few times a man gets married he naturally hesitates a little before deciding upon the step, and Abel was somewhat dilatory in recognizing the advances of his young lady friends. However, his superior regard for one of them became evident after a little. It is needless to say that she was the nicest girl in the neighborhood, because Abel's choice was always unquestionable. The wedding took place about three years after the death of his first love, and we all thought that at last he was to enjoy the advantages of a stab'e household. Everything promised well, and Abel seemed much happier than ever before. But a fate seemed to follow him, and in a few months, after a slight illness brought on by a wetting, she, too, was laid beneath the family tomb stone. Abel was long into our up and looked as melancholy as a bankrupt undertaker. He walked about like a ghost and didn't even write mourning verses, they were too deep for that. I believe it was with the idea of distracting his thoughts from it that he used to go to visit an old lady who lived near him. She happened to be the mother of twenty of daughters and no doubt they diverted his mind from its trouble. One of them, the prettiest one, was expected to be married before long, and often puzzled myself to explain how he came to notice her. Perhaps he became jealous for his ives' sake, thinking that maybe anyone being preferred to himself might seem to reflect on their good taste. At all events he set himself to cut out the young lady's sweetheart, and he did it with extraordinary success, and found it tolerably easy. That was the only time I ever had any fault to find with Abel's courtship, just to keep the thing interested. The day of the ceremony, which soon followed, while the newly wedded pair were speeding away to spend their honeymoon, it became evident occurred and the bride was one of three persons killed. How Abel himself escaped nobody ever knew. It almost seems like exaggeration, but I was a mile and half for that while truth remains stranger than fiction. Abel brought home the body and bought a vault, where he interred the previous members of his family. Great sympathy was manifested for him by everyone, and our clergyman was unceasing in his endeavors to give consolation. He had a fair grief, I should say, and she, like all of us, was deeply affected and moved by the woes of her father's friend. She was eighteen and as Abel was only four or five and twenty her pity quickly ripened into love. Abel was touched by her warmth of heart and reciprocated her feelings, and as it was a very desirable match, her father, a poor man, could offer no objection, and in a few months more Abel went through the celebration for the third time. It was a relief to the old people and gave her away, her father performing the rite, but another than Abel seemed to be there to take her hand from mine. She fell into a rapid decline and it makes me sad yet to think of the sweet young face laying white and still among the funeral flowers. I was truly sorry to see poor Abel go about solemn and pale with no words for his grief. But everyone was not soft-hearted, and I recollect I was eighteen and was one of three sweet, young-hearted, low minded men who have no regard for the finer feelings of one's nature, say about Abel that he was the jiggerdest widower ever he met, and he ought to be spread on a dutch and walked on. But that was not the general sentiment and I only mention it to show you how far people can be carried by prejudice.

"I was afraid for a long time that so much trouble would have a detrimental effect on Abel's character, and probably a man with less well grounded principle would have sustained serious mental injury. But Abel seemed to take it and act philosophically after that. Indeed, I think he believed he had a sort of destiny to work out, and the sooner he got it over the better, so he devoted himself, perhaps a little too recklessly, to family life. During the next five or six years he married all the eligible girls in our locality, and then moved across the town to manufactured several more families there. But they all died soon after their marriages, some from one thing and some from another. Not a fever expired that poor Mrs. Abel, in the laudable endeavor to make an effort, and Abel had several little semi-orphan half-brothers and sisters, all bottle-reared and spoon-fed, to be commended to his fond little boy.

"All the people about were quite familiar with his history, and whenever there was an unusual commotion in the town they used to say it was one of Seymour's crowds. That was because his weddings and funerals were the biggest largely and the jollyest we had. Everyone was bigger than the last, and I know one firm who offered to supply him free with wedding cards and cake boxes if they could advertise on the back. It made him angry and of course he refused, but I am inclined to think he had a contract with his undertaker, for nearly I remember his funerals were not such so good a quality as they should have been, and were all the same pattern.

"About this time I began to think he had fulfilled his mission, for he didn't usually remain single more than a few months, and now it had been nearly a year since his latest bereavement. He had been particularly fond of the last lady, and it was even rumored that he had shown her the regis'ries in his family bible before they were married. I would have imagined myself that that would have been enough for a reasonable woman, but she raked it, anyway, and her name was laid down with the rest. I guess there must have been well over a dozen then.

"After a while the rumor began to circulate that a breach of promise case was about to be brought against him, and as such a thing had never been dreamed of before, the excitement was intense. Abel was a rich man now, for he was careful with his property, and some of his wives had brought him considerable sums, so he was well able to pay damages and would be a good mark for a speculating female. I was doubtful about the whole story though, and determined to see himself. I met him soon after, and he looked as surprising his age and fresh he looked, and not within ten years of his thirty-five. He and I had been rather good friends for a lengthened period, so I felt at liberty to ask him about the rumor. He said there was going to be no such action, but that one had been threatened. He said I knew he valued his honor above everything, and how he never had done anything he need feel ashamed of, and that his word, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion. The action had been threatened, he said, although there never had been the shadow of a promise on his part. But his word was his hand, and not for one moment could he permit a hint of the possibility of his breaking it. No, he declared, he would marry the lady; and the first of honor flashed in his violet eyes as he gave me the assurance. He also asked me to act as best man, and as I had officiated a few times before, I consented. She, he should think, gathered all the others though, and Abel fell into his old way of marrying and burying, and things went on just as usual for five years longer.

I had been away from home for most of that time, but one day after my return I met him carrying a small parcel of monumental stone, he had been leaving the measure for a tomb stone. He looked as young as ever, and there seemed to be an unusual sparkle in his violet eyes. He was glad to see me, and invited me to call round, and that evening while I was sitting reading, in he walked. We exchanged some commonplaces, but conversation flagged a little until I inquired for Archibald, his eldest boy, who was lately out of his teens. I never liked to inquire for his relatives, it being such a delicate matter, and for some time back I had rather lost count of his afflictions. I noticed there was something on his mind, and shortly it all came out. He had met a lady the week before who had captivated his fancy far more strongly than anyone since poor Jane Hobson chanced him twenty years ago. Her name was Irene Randaleur, and while appearing to be of French extraction, possessed no foreign accent, I suppose with the exception of an old aunt that accompanied her. Abel described her, the niece, as the most exquisite being he had ever dreamed of, with a figure such as finely moulded, so soft and yielding, with such glorious, deep gold hair, and with such perfect feet and features that he couldn't think of her without rapture. Then he expatiated on the loveliness of her fathomless green eyes, but I stopped him. 'If that woman has yellow-green eyes,' I said, 'I have nothing more to do with her.' But he denied at once their being yellow-green. He said they were

"'Eyes colored like a water flower,
And deeper than the green sea's gleam.'"

That they were like living emeralds with a pale fire glowing through them; that they had the softness of the far-away hills where the spring robes them with her softest verdure, and that they reminded you of the transparent green waters of beautiful lakes in sunnyside depths or shallows you gazed from the cliffs above. I said I didn't know anything about that kind of a green, but I guess I'd treat a woman with yellow-green eyes like a cat any farther than I could kick a church. He said he quite approved of my sentiments, but they did not apply in the present case, as he couldn't really allow if I had an interview with Miss Randaleur. Admitting the possibility of this, I endeavored to ascertain what terms he had already parted with her, and soon discovered that matters were pretty well advanced. He was an energetic fellow, and if the gay widow of his acquaintance he never grew under his heels. As he was anxious to have my opinion of Miss Randaleur and I was curious about her myself, I asked him to bring about a formal introduced interview as speedily as possible, and so in a day or two, sure enough, we were all sitting in her parlor together.

"It is hardly too much to say that I never was so struck with any woman in my life, and that must account for my subsequent share in what followed. Abel was all Abel's fancy and more, but her eyes were certainly her chief attraction. I couldn't have believed in the existence of such glorious eyes and such a color until I saw them. The purest, richest green of the rainbow is the nearest approach to their blue that I can think of. They were compounded of long light and shade, their depth and tenderness, their exquisite softness and all their witchery, are quite without a parallel.

"Her manner was as fascinating as her appearance, and her conversation, which she sustained without any foreign accent to speak of, was with a curious mixture of simplicity and the reflection made me determined to warn her. She seemed very graciously and we talked commonplaces for half an hour, until I mustered nerve enough to approach my task. I began by remarking that I was a very plain-spoken man; to which she replied that I looked very plain men so much. I felt that I had not quite conveyed my meaning, but persevered and told her that I had come there because I was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She blushed bashfully, and appeared quite disconcerted, but grew quite calm directly. Now, if anyone said such a thing to me I don't believe it for over 15 all day, but the delicate way I put it must have assisted her self-possession. I said that 'such a speech as that from most men meant a declaration of affection, but I must hasten to assure her that although I had not aspired to her affections my companionship was none the less flattering perhaps worth all the more on that account. I hoped she would pardon me for interfering in her private affairs, but it was the sincerest interest I felt for her own welfare and for that of a friend, that led me to speak. The friend, I said, was Mr. Seymour, who I believed had asked her to become his bride. He had done me the honor, she said, 'to extend me his hand and heart.' 'And you have done him unusual honor in accepting them,' I replied to which she bowed her assent. 'It is on the strength of that intelligence,' I proceeded, 'which I gathered from a conversation with Mr. Seymour yesterday, that I now take the liberty of addressing you. Of Mr. Seymour himself I have nothing to speak but praise, and as my acquaintance with him is of many years duration I can speak with some authority. But it occurred to me that, carried away by the first transports of his successful suit, he might have omitted telling you that he had been repeatedly transported already.

"'She stiffened up a little at this and said she thought 'it was frequent for a man to experience many affections before he held a wife.' I replied 'that it was quite so, no doubt, if she said so, but I had to add that Mr. Seymour counted as many wives as he did affections.'

"'Sacred sky!' she cried, 'what do you make me think?' My answer was to produce a schedule of as many of Abel's departed ones as I could recollect, and to recite their maiden names with approximate dates of their respective weddings. I could remember more on my list, but before I read five I had to stop and soothe Miss Randaleur.

"'Blessed blue!' she exclaimed, when she recovered at the conclusion of the roll-call responded in advance. I said there was no doubt of it, and could furnish the addresses of his various mothers-in-law.

"'Mon Dieu! It is too much! He has been terrifically unfortunate,' she cried. 'Desperately,' I remarked.

"'So have his consorts.'

"'More desperately,' I agreed.

"'He has had much consorts—more than those!' she added.

"I admitted it was the biggest piece of consortion I knew of, and asked her what she would do about it. Desiring, however, to be as impartial as possible, I pointed out as well as I could that it was not really Seymour's fault or at all to his prejudice that he happened to be so bereaved.

"She said she regarded all that, but it was impossible for her to sustain his wish. 'She would not do,' she said, 'to be a thirteenth consort,' and felt sure she would 'suffer the death' if she did, with much more to the same effect. Her general meaning was very clear that she never could entertain the idea of becoming a subsequent Mrs. Seymour, and I had great difficulty to restrain her from sending him a message to that effect.

"I knew his power to wheedle and coax, and that his knowledge of any difficulty only stimulated his exertions to overcome it. I felt called upon to do something. I argued, he would exert no art to regain her favor, and she would escape his redoubled fascinations. I concluded therefore to make a virtue of a necessity, and to take my leave for a short time only in our town. She overwhelmed me with thanks and resolved to accept my advice. She followed it also so thoroughly and with so much secrecy that Abel never got wind of the plot until it was too late. He had been anxious for an early wedding and had named a day some weeks after this for the event, but the morning before it was to happen he came to my rooms in the greatest despair and grief imaginable. Some had fled, he said, and left his bride alone. 'She was gone forever' and 'he was a desolate man.'

"For one who had seen so much desolation his sorrow was really extraordinary, and I did not attempt to console him. I reminded him of my warning about green eyed women, and asked him what he could expect from a French woman; but he was quite beside himself and would not listen. After raving round my room about his loss for half an hour, he left distractedly.

"He set off next day in search of her, and for many months scoured the world in all directions, but had finally to give up his unsuccessful pursuit. One day after he came home I saw him and had a good deal of confidential talk with him. He told me he has no longer any ambition in life, that the dearest object of his desires had been wrested from him by a cruel fate, and that nothing could ever restore him his lost happiness. I could see that it dilate in this strain on several other occasions equally earnestly, and as he had then always got over it, I was fain to recommend the old remedy. But he totally rejected my consolation. The peerless, the perfect, the unapproachable Irene was the complement of his existence. All others before her advent had been mere fancies and now that she was lost to him forever, forever must the sum of his being remain incomplete.

"'Oh! my lost darling!' he cried, 'what perversity has severed us, what adversity keeps us apart? I feel that never again may I gaze into the matchless depths of those soft eyes; never more clasp those yielding fingers, and hear no more the music of that winning voice.'

"'And all the better for you if you don't.' I broke in. 'Abel Seymour,' I said, 'I just want to talk a little plain talk to you about this thing, and I hope you won't take it more than two-thirds unkindly. I'd expressed the popular opinion I would tell you that you were a wholly immodified idiot, and that you should have something better to do than to go chasing a phantom about the world when you might spend your time and means to better advantage.

"He wanted to know what I meant, and I replied that I thought the conjugal state was for far as not to consider him an entire idiot yet, and quite capable of cure; but if he decided to continue his vagaries when he heard what I had to say about Irene, I could tell him what they pleased and join them in it. He got a little wild at that and taxed me with knowing something about Irene. I confessed I did. I would have told him sooner but I feared he might follow her and find trouble. The fact is, she had deceived me worse than I had deceived him, for the morning she decamped it was to join her brother on their way to South America, and she left a long letter for me with several views which were held in Europe regarding their conduct, and which led to her temporary residence and seclusion in my town. She was a magnificent adventuress, and as able to see through us with those clear, green eyes of hers as a cat through a bird cage. We probably appeared but a little, and the much-married Seymour may have interested her a little. It was well for him that he possessed no further attractions for her, and as to having her for a wife, I congratulated him on his widowerhood.

"'My dear Seymour,' I said, 'the woman had a temper like a hyena, and I can bring you proofs if you want them. Go and marry if you will, but shun those green-eyed monsters.' He said it was wrong to jest now. His idol was shattered. He would never recover from the blow. His poor, weak, devoted heart was broken.

"'I really did feel sorry for him again, though it was difficult to get up sympathy so frequently. Repeated lamentation gets very tiresome. It's worse than thrilling romance.

"'He said he believed my story and accepted my sympathy, but he could never feel joy in his heart again.

"'I shall marry no more—no more,' he cried, as he flung himself down on a chair with his face on the table, holding his head very tight; 'my life is widowed forever.'

"'I told him that was all right. He had a long and honorable career before him yet, if he only devoted himself to the sacred memories of the past—and he had many—and would live worthily in the future, a monument of good. Sorrow should not be confined to a few women, or even to the sex, but to be lavished on all mankind, and the sentiments of youth should only be the first crystals that flow from the clear, manly fountain of universal benevolence.'

"I've never could think of Abel as a man of forty when you saw him before you, and so I talked to him more like a boy. It's a good while since then and I believe he has been trying to live up to the standard I recommended, and I honor him as a good and noble man who has lived down a few of the youthful frailties common to us all. I had a letter from him last week telling me of a scheme he has about founding a home for indigent widowers. I'll bring it round some other evening."

"Nonsense," remarked Synnek, "it isn't love that makes people marry, it's flattery, rank flattery. The man is pleased because the woman took a fancy to so inferior a thing as he knows himself to be, and the woman's vanity is tickled for a precisely similar reason. In a word, each loves the other in showing good taste in choosing a mate."

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A Great Mistake.

Miss Samantha Arnott was going to be married. It made quite a sensation among the boarders—who had long looked upon her in the light of a convenient necessity—when Mr. Bruce announced their engagement, though to be sure it was in many respects a very suitable one.

They were both young, good-looking and honestly in love with each other; but Sansie was poor and worked like a slave to save her mother servant hire, while Harry Bruce was the fortunate possessor of one hundred thousand dollars. He was perfectly sure, however, that his money was no object with Sansie, and that she loved him for himself alone.

She was so sweet! so pretty! Such a good, loving, helpful daughter, that he felt his heart warm toward her every time he caught sight of her pink cheeks and blue eyes.

He insisted that Mrs. Arnott should hire a strong, capable woman, so that Sansie should have leisure to go about with him.

Then he took her everywhere, loaded her with presents and flattered her to such an extent that, if she had not been one of the most sensible little women in the world, her head would have been completely turned. As it was, she took an innocent delight in this surprisingly long holiday, this new and pleasant companionship.

Matters might have gone on thus indefinitely had not an unexpected event occurred: Nothing more nor less than the advent of a new boarder. Not only was she a strikingly handsome woman, but she was also an old friend of Mr. Bruce's. There was, moreover, an episode of their acquaintance of a peculiarly painful character, so painful, indeed, that he had never mentioned to Sansie that period of his history in which she was concerned. He would have accepted an introduction to her, ignoring any former meeting, but she made such a course impossible by a very impressive gesture of welcome.

"Ah! Mr. Bruce, I am delighted to meet an old friend," she said, with a dazzling flash of her dangerous dark eyes.

If Mr. Bruce shared her delight he said nothing to that effect, but taking her arm he led her direct to the corner where Sansie sat, demure as a kitten and quite as watchful.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said he, "this is my Sansie. We are to be married soon, and anybody in the house can give you all the particulars. I thought I would tell you that much myself, because I remember that you used to take a kind interest in my affairs. Sansie, I want you to be very good to Mrs. Ulmer because"—with a sudden swift inspiration—"she once did me a very great favor."

For an instant anger and surprise flashed into her wonderful eyes, then they were lighted by a gay and careless smile.

"Why, so I did!" she said. "I had nearly forgotten; it was ages ago."

Then she settled herself beside Miss Sansie with the manner of one who had come to stay, and began with malicious satisfaction to discuss Bruce in all possible moods and tenses, with an easy familiarity that well nigh distracted her listener.

At last, to hide the angry tears that were getting dangerously near her eyes, Sansie excused herself and left the room.

Powerless to help, Harry had watched with deep stagnation the disconsolate face of his little love; now he would have followed her but Mrs. Ulmer claimed his attention so openly that he could not get away without positive rudeness; so he suffered himself to be half amused and wholly astonished by the young widow's assumption of a long and friendly intimacy.

Poor Sansie, however, could see nothing amusing in the affair. She could not help blaming Harry a little, and, much to his surprise, grew at times quite snappish with him.

At first the idea that Sansie might be jealous struck him in the light of a huge joke. Afterward, as a dim, masculine perception of the woman's attractions and fascinations dawned upon him, he took himself sharply to task. He knew his little honest, true-hearted love to be worth a dozen accomplished flirts like Mrs. Ulmer, and so one day, when he caught her quite alone, he told her the true story of his former acquaintance with the lady.

"Is years ago," said he, "I was a young fellow, headstrong and romantic; she was pretty, and in no end of trouble, all on account of being mixed up with a very ugly bit of scandal. The women would not look at her and the men hardly dared to.

"I began by pitying her, I ended by falling in love and offering to marry her.

"She accepted me gladly enough, and for a few weeks I lived in a fool's paradise; then the very day before we were to have been married, she left me and ran away with Bert Ulmer.

"He was a bad lot, and led her a hard life, I have heard; I rather think she is taking more comfort as a widow than she ever did as a wife. I cannot help feeling a trifle amused when I see what a difference Uncle Hall's money makes. Without it I did not deserve even fair dealing and common courtesy; with it, I am worth cultivating."

"So I perceive," said Sansie, with much asperity; then, with a sudden smile lighting her sweet, indignant face, "was that what you meant when you said that she once did you a great favor?

"It was. I would have told you before, but I was ashamed of the whole affair, and I did not know how the idea that I ever wanted another wife would strike you."

"Very favorably, seeing you did not get her," laughed Sansie. And from that time forward she held her own with the Widow Ulmer.

Mr. Bruce could not help an occasional twinge of masculine pride in the self evident fact that this very beautiful woman deeply regretted her youthful escapade.

He had such perfect confidence in his own integrity and Sansie's devotion that he never avoided her in the least.

One evening, when most of the boarders were attending a concert, and Sansie was so seriously indisposed as to be confined to her room, he settled himself to a solitary chat with Mrs. Ulmer, without any serious misgivings.

To be sure he would have left the parlor immediately, when he found her its only occupant, but she requested a moment's conversation so directly, that he found himself in a manner compelled to listen to her.

"Mr. Bruce," said she, sweetly flushed and tearful, "I am going away in the morning; we may never meet again. Perhaps I ought to let a dead past rest in peace, but when I look at Sansie and think of my own wrecked youth, my lips will speak."

Bruce bowed profoundly; he could think of nothing to say.

"Not many years ago," she continued, "a girl young and fair as Sansie loved you just as well; you won her heart, and threw it back to her with scorn, crushed, wounded, worthless, I bore it. Mad with rage and pain, I married Bert Ulmer, and lived. Sansie would die. The anguish that drove me to despair would crush her into the grave."

"Mrs. Ulmer," said Harry, somewhat impatiently, "I know that years ago you injured me. I have lived down all regret, and I fail to see how the act can have any bearing upon the future happiness of a lady, whose name—excuse me—I would rather not drag into this conversation."

The woman's face darkened ominously.

"So I am not worthy to even speak her name!" she cried. "And yet I was to have been your wife. I wonder if she would regard the position as so desirable if I showed her the letter, the infamous letter, that gave you freedom, and made me Mrs. Ulmer!"

"You speak in riddles," said Mr. Bruce coolly, "but I hardly think that Miss Arnott would care to look over your correspondence."

"That is because you think this is destroyed," said she, taking from the bosom of her dress a soiled, yellowed by age, broken in folds, a rumpled, disreputable bit of paper.

"I do not wish to threaten," she went on more quietly. "You were false to me, you may be to Miss Arnott; but I have not the heart to injure you. I have said enough, too much, perhaps, and I know that I have kept this wicked letter too long. Take it, destroy it if you please; I know that if I were a man I should wish it."

She handed him the paper, open. He took it mechanically, glanced at it, read it from beginning to end, his face growing set and stern; it was an infamous letter, written in his handwriting, signed with his name.

"Dolly Ulmer," said he, "as sure as there is a heaven above us, I never saw this letter before. I could not write like that to any woman, and in those days I loved the very ground you walked on."

"In those days! in those days!" she cried bitterly.

"Yes, Dolly," he said sadly; "that is the worst of some wrongs, they can never be righted. I am sorry for you, sorry for myself; if I could find the person who did this, I would thrash the life out of him; but I cannot put time back five years, and I would not want to if I could, because these very years brought me Sansie."

"Sansie! Sansie!" said she; "your heart is full of Sansie! for you are a man, and men change, but women never."

Mr. Bruce was profoundly moved.

There was silence for a moment and then she went on, all the passion and pain of years trembling in her voice.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! look at me once with no sneer upon your lips, with no contempt in your dear eyes."

What man could resist such an appeal; moreover, he owed her something for all the sorrow and disappointment that had come to her through him.

So when the trembling lips tempted, and the dusky eyes entreated, he took her in his arms and kissed her as in the old days.

At this inauspicious moment fate, in the person of Sansie Arnott, opened the door and walked steadily toward them.

Her face was very white, but she did not seem at all surprised or embarrassed. In one hand she held a long, dark garment that trailed behind her as she walked, and in the other several curious slips of paper.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said she, speaking in a low, quiet tone, "as you have taken the trouble to show Mr. Bruce that very clever note, I thought he might like to see other and less perfect copies. To forge a letter which vilifies no one but yourself is not a State prison offence; to call yourself a widow, and try to extort money from a man who has never injured you, only proves that you are scheming and dishonest; but the private detective in your room has found evidence of other and more punishable crimes. A police officer is waiting outside to arrest you; but because you once did Harry a great favor, I am going to try and help you. Take this cloak, pass from here into the dining-room, down the cellar stairs, and out through the bulkhead. Once in the back yard you can easily slip away."

Mrs. Ulmer never spoke; but all the high color faded out of her face, leaving it gray and corpse-like.

She caught the dark garment from Sansie's arm and glided like a shadow from the room.

When the heard the cellar door close softly, Sansie turned to her companion.

"She is a wicked woman," said she, "and no more a widow than I am. Her husband sent her here to make money out of her old acquaintance with you; and I rather think if that detective upstairs had not disturbed her little game she would have played it successfully."

Then, with a toss of her pretty head, she left the room, not banging the door behind her, but shutting it decisively.

Mr. Bruce, crushed, bewildered, overwhelmed, dared not call her back.

To tell the truth, however, the young lady was not one half as angry as she appeared to be, because, womanlike, she placed all the blame where most of it belonged—on Mrs. Ulmer's handsome shoulders.

After a time, when Mr. Bruce lost all his appetite and began to fall away perceptibly, she relented, and in some occult and unexplained manner she made it manifest to him that

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

The Church and the World.

Gussie O'Brion—Aw! heah cometh Father Malony. I wouldn't have him thee me with thith thigawette for the world.

Gussie O'Brion—Heaventh! that wath a cloth shave; but, Gussie, me boy, you were too thmooth for him that time.

Father Malony—And I thought that little dood had me that time sure.—*Judge.*

30,000 in Line.

Grand Encampment of Uniformed Knights of Pythias, to be held in Kansas City in August, for this excursion the Wabash Railway Co. will sell tickets at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale August 19 to 22, good to return up to September 15. The Wabash is the banner route to Kansas City and the only line that can take the knights from Canada through St. Louis and return on the same ticket. Chicago, or *vice versa*. Finest equipped trains on earth, running through six states of the union. Further particulars from any agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Deadly Perils.

She (at the conclusion of the general's story)—Oh, how interesting! And did you actually kill the man?

The General (complacently)—Oh, yes. But that was nothing to my last engagement.

She (breathless)—Oh, what was that?

The General—With a Nebraska widow.

No Cause for Alarm.

Hungry Lion—Oh, don't be selfish, little boy! I don't want your bread and butter!—*Puck.*

The Death of Little Lue.

Our ghostly, white-topped wagons had rounded into camp near Kingfisher, the sun had set and there was a golden blush on the western sky—I remember the scene well! —as we all gathered around old Gunderson, who sat on the prairie with his head bowed and his straggling gray hair falling over a childish face and mingling with curls that seemed like spun gold. He held his daughter in his arms and at every faint respiration the old man's sinewy hands clutched convulsively as though he realized how vain was all his strength to save his child.

We were boomers; and all the way from Caldwell, little Lue had been ailing. Her face grew paler and her cheeks flushed a brighter crimson day by day. She could not support herself towards the last, and one of the boys drove old Gunderson's wagon while he sat behind and held the girl in his arms.

All through the lonely Cherokee strip, what torture must that wretched father have borne, sleeplessly watching his dying child! And the heaps and heaps of white bones that bleached and decayed beside the trail, what ominous reminders of death must they have been to old Gunderson!

"How is she, Gunderson?" asked someone in a whisper.

He turned his bloodshot eyes upward for a moment and his face, pinched and drawn with grief, was mute answer to the words.

"Father?" The sound was just audible, and little Lue's eyelids raised slowly.

"What is it, deary?" asked the old man, pressing his bearded lips to the child's.

"I had such a beautiful dream, father. It was night, it seemed like, and all at once a great big star fell from up there and hung in the sky just over my head. Then I heard mother's voice—oh, so sweet and sad! and she said, 'Come, deary; kiss your father and come to me.'"

Little Lue's words became inaudible after this, and she sank down wearily in her father's arms. We all stood sadly by and saw the child, as, for a little herself with a quick effort and put both arms about her father's neck. Then she kissed him and murmuring, "I am so tired," she again lay quietly on old Gunderson's breast.

Slowly rocking to and fro, the old man kept his eyes on her face and never once removed them. Then we drifted away one by one and attended to our camp duties with heavy hearts. It was not long till someone came and said to me:

"Ben, little Lue is dead and old Gunderson doesn't know it!"

I walked back to the old man where he sat still rocking his burden, and one glance at the child's face proved that she had passed away.

"Gunderson," I said huskily, "little Lue is gone."

He looked at me vacantly a moment; then, with a start, he peered into his child's face. He realized the truth, laid the dead child down and dashed off into the night with a cry of anguish.

There is a rude grave on the prairie, just at the border of what was once the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation, and a clumsy headstone marks the spot, sacred to the memory of little Lue and her father—for we found old Gunderson dead the next morning, killed by his own hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Embarrassment of Riches.

He was worried. She was worried. Their sons and daughters all worried every day of their lives, although they were rich and possessed good health, which they did not know how to enjoy. They lived in a handsome home, on handsome grounds, upon the farthest corner of which was a neat cottage. In the cottage a servant of the house lived with his family.

The owner of this whole place often strolled past the cottage and sometimes stopped to note the look of peace and contentment the place wore.

Sometimes he heard a woman's voice singing about the house, often a man whistled a merry tune within. One day he inquired:

"John, how is it that you and your wife are always so happy? I hear you singing or talking or laughing as if you enjoyed life."

"That we do, sir," answered John; "my wife is strong and hearty and so am I, and we make enough to live on comfortably, as you know, sir, and we're at peace with ourselves and all the world. Time enough to fret, say I, when trouble comes."

The owner of the place thought about John's contentment, and one day he said to his wife:

"John has been a faithful man and I have decided to make him a present. I will give him $500."

The wife took no interest in the matter one way or the other, so the master had his way and gave John the money, to the great surprise of the man, who seemed hardly able to comprehend his good fortune.

Soon the generous donor noticed that there was no more singing or whistling in John's cottage. The couple went about with a distracted air, and it was as if some great trouble had fallen upon them. This time John was asked why he never sang or whistled any more.

"It's the money, sir," said John in a whisper, looking behind him in a fearsome manner; "we have it in the house, for we have no faith in any bank, and whiles I sit up with it, and whiles my wife do, and we daren't leave the house alone a minute, an' oh, sir, we're varry meeserable indeed, would ye be mind if we gave the money back to yourself, sir, seein' we've no use for it, and it is such a care."

The master took it back, and John whistled and Mary sang, as they had done before, and the application of the story, so wise and yet so simple, did not fail to work for good.

Miss Wabash (from Chicago)—What nonsense these jokes about crabs catching people's toes are! I've never had a crab catch my toes when I was in bathing.

Miss Gotham—But there is a limit to a crab's grasping power.

Flattering.

The head of a produce commission house in New York, who has in his veins the blood of all the Howards, of which he is very proud, tells the following story about himself:

One day not very long ago he received a call from a stranger from the rural districts, who inquired concerning the business standing of a rival house in the trade.

"We both sell to exporters and jobbers, and naturally we have no business relations with the people in question. They are young men, with a moderate capital, who stand very high on 'change. They are hard working, conscientious, gentlemanly young fellows," he said.

"That's just it," replied the stranger. "I ain't no gentleman myself, and I don't propose to do business with gentlemen. I'll consign my goods to you."

He Didn't Know.

The characters of the old Illinois courts in which Lincoln practiced was very primitive, says a recent writer. In one case a livery stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lank Westerner.

"How does Mr. Smith usually ride?" asked the lawyer.

Without a gleam of intelligence the witness replied:

"A-straddle, sir."

"No, no," said the lawyer, "I mean does he walk, trot or gallop?"

"Wal," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse, he walks; when he rides a trottin' horse, he trots; and when he rides a gallopin' horse, he gallops; when—"

The lawyer was angry.

"I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow."

"Wal," said the witness, "when his company rides fast, he rides fast; and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know, sir," said the lawyer, very much exasperated, and very stern now, "how Mr. Smith rides when he is alone."

"Wal," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I wan't along, and I don't know—couldn't tell to save my life."

The laugh at the questioner ended the cross-examination.

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1892.

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And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the thriftiest plant that grows;
Where men are ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

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The Point of View.

"Upson Downes is very fast, isn't he?"

"His tailor says not. Says he's very slow."

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Miss Munson.—Oh, yes! Why, the dear fellow can say "Weally now" with fifty-two different inflections.

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None Was Required.

"And when you asked her to wed, she declined?"

"Yes; she dismissed me without ceremony."

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Behindhand.

Miss Summit—Can you tell me the time by your watch, Mr. Travers?

Travers (sadly)—Not before next week.

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HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Music.

I AM told that Mr. F. H. Torrington has been so fortunate as to secure a guarantee fund of $3,000, for a series of orchestral concerts to cover the operations of three years. This is welcome news indeed. Last season we languished without any local orchestral effort, except what was made in connection with the concerts of the Choral and Philharmonic societies, and we all missed our instrumental concerts; some of us because we wanted to praise them, and some of us because we wanted to do the other thing. However much or however little success from a high artistic stand-point may attend these efforts, there can be no doubt of the genuine enjoyment given to many of our people who don't care a copper whether the music is rendered to the satisfaction of the critics. I believe that there is frequently too much kowtowing to the critics in both choice and manner of performance. After all, the public has to pay for these things, and the paymaster should be pleased and satisfied first of all. The critics pay nothing, and in most cases do nothing but find fault. Their art is too often destructive only, and not creative. Let the public be considered, and let the public be played to, and the result will be more satisfactory in the box office. Mr. Torrington now has an opportunity to show his mettle, his judgment and his art. If he succeeds in this venture he may confidently rely upon future support; if he fails, he may be equally certain that orchestral music is doomed in Toronto as far as he is concerned. With such a financial nucleus as this guarantee fund presents, he should be able to give us some concerts in which he can lay out his programmes on a popular basis while not omitting the educative features; and he should be able to secure good enough instrumentalists to present a thoroughly enjoyable performance.

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This organization will bring before the public another claimant for subscriptions, but the field has been somewhat cleared for its advent. The Choral Society has become moribund, if not dead entirely; the Haslam Vocal Society has said its prayers and gone to sleep, and the Philharmonic and Toronto Vocal societies will share with the new orchestral scheme the favor of subscribers. This makes a brighter outlook for the committees and promises better effort and greater success in all directions, without removing the wholesome stimulus of emulation. I do not apprehend that the proposed festival will be a forceful factor in next year's operations. I fear that the postponement of organizing operations until September will be found a serious bar to the fulfilment of hope in this matter. This is to be regretted, as a good-sized musical festival does good in many ways and should be encouraged. In some cities a festival scheme has the tendency to discourage continuous local effort, but I do not think that this result is to be feared in Toronto, although the effort was made to secure the co operation of the various societies by asking them to confine their operations to one concert only next season. This course has not found favor, for which the committees are to be commended. Continuous local effort is worth more to the public as an educator and as a stimulus to musical progress than a festival, and the fostering of our established societies should be a first charge on public sympathy. Beyond this a festival is proper, and is a healthy symptom of musical ambition and doing. It draws into its fold many who are new in choral work and who are attracted by beginners, and it affords a means of hearing stupendous works in properly stupendous style.

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The committee of the Toronto Vocal Society, at a recent meeting, concluded to raise the standard of its membership, by a searching examination by the conductor of all its present members and of all applicants, by which means it is expected that greater individual excellence will lead to greater collective results. In the selection of members, attention will be paid to their æsthetic capabilities as well as natural qualifications, and without regard to the question of numbers, excellence will be the first end aimed at. A programme has been chosen, in which popular features will be combined with high artistic excellence, and a wholesome variety in sentiment and style will be secured.

•

Mr. E. W. Schuch has added to his other responsibilities the choirmastership of St. James' Cathedral, where he will assume his new functions in September. From his following he will be able to add many new and valuable voices to the choir and maintain, if not increase, its past efficiency.

•

Music will form a very prominent feature of the World's Fair next year, both at its opening and continuously during the great show. Mr. William L. Tomlins is the organizer in this department and will shortly be in Toronto with the intention of exploring our powers as musical visitors. Some of our ambitious organizations should be able to do a grand holiday trip to Chicago, see the sights, and delight the visitors to the Windy City with their efforts. Transportation and maintenance will be cheap, and everyone who can spare the time and twenty-five dollars will want to take in the Fair. Why not do it collectively?

•

The Music Teachers' National Association recently held its annual convention at Cleveland, Ohio, when great stress was laid upon the development of American music, *i.e.*, music by American composers. The names of Harry Rowe Shelley, Reginald de Koven and Ethelbert Nevin raise feelings of gratitude in the breast of everyone who sings songs in the English language, and the Americans are justly proud of their gifted compatriots. The sight of this pride urges me to ask "Where are our Canadian composers?" We have not enough creative work among our musicians, and yet there are many of them who are fitted by temperament and musicianship to do something in this department. A few are working, it is true, but the results are not what we could wish. The Canadian Society of Musicians should take this matter up more heartily and devise some means to stimulate composition in our midst.

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Mr. A. M. Gorrie has been selected to lead the singing at the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in this city in September.

METRONOME.

Notes on India.

By an Anglo Indian.

INDIA, with an area of nearly one and a half million square miles, with its population of two hundred and sixty odd millions of inhabitants, with its variety of climate, its diversity of creeds, its strange complexity of social castes, and its antagonism of races, is one of the most interesting countries that exist on the face of this earth. In no part of the world has been more conspicuously displayed the peculiar genius possessed by the English nation for organization and government. A hundred and odd years ago a small band of English adventurers possessed a few scattered trading settlements on various parts of the Coromandel and Malabar coast. Their tenure of these positions was both uncertain and precarious. To-day, from Afghanistan on the north to Cape Comarin on the south, the whole of India is under the British Raj. Everywhere within her borders the rights of property are secure, and the liberty of the subject inviolate. The whole face of the empire is interlaced by roads, railways, canals and telegraphs. The Indian postal and telegraph services are in point of economy of administration and perfectness of detail, admittedly well in advance of the corresponding departments in England. The armies in India, both British and native, are more perfectly equipped, more thoroughly disciplined, and more efficiently officered than any other military forces that England possesses. Justice in India is cheaply and expeditiously administered, and the Indian Penal Code, compiled by Lord Macaulay and based on the Napoleonic code, stands pre eminently forth as a model of lucidity and comprehensiveness. The history of India from the establishment of the earliest trading settlements in the 17th century to the consolidation of British rule at the present time, is one teeming with deeds of adventure, of heroism and of bloodshed, and is in itself a brilliant record of English pluck and of the indomitable nature of the English character. There are many pages in it presenting a picture of overwhelming reverses, of intense humiliation and of bitter despair, but always at that moment when the fortunes of the British arms have been at their lowest ebb and when the existence of the British forces has seemed most insecure, a Hastings or a Clive, an Eyre Coote, or a Napier, has arisen to re-assert British supremacy and to redeem British prestige. As in the past, so in the present, the Government of India is carried on by a handful of Englishmen, most of them cadets of our old English families, but all men of education, of culture and of refinement. The outward and visible sign of our rule in the East is a small force of British troops, which barely numbers seventy five thousand men. But the true secret of British dominion in India is to be found in the moral force which the Englishman is able to exercise over the Asiatic, in the recognized purity of our administration, in the utter incorruptibility of our judiciary, and in the inherent powers of courage and leadership possessed by English officers.

The general impression of India, based upon novels and the works of Rudyard Kipling, is that it is a land of barbaric splendor and intense heat; when on retiring at night it is not unusual to find a cobra or other venomous snake coiled up in one's bed; where one is awakened in the morning by the roaring of tigers, the trumpeting of elephants, or the laughter of hyenas; where the customary food of Europeans is extremely hot curry washed down by extremely strong brandy and water, and that as a corollary of these conditions of life every European who has lived there for a few years returns to England with an enlarged spleen, a pallid complexion and an irascible temper. That such an estimate of India should be especially prevalent in Canada is the less surprising when it is considered how few there are in this country whose travels have been ever extended beyond the watering-places of Europe, or who have relations or connections either in the British army or in the Indian civil service. I am therefore now writing these few notes about the everyday life led by the European classes in India, with the hope that they may prove of interest to any whose opportunities of learning about Anglo-Indian life have been limited by circumstances.

European society in India consists for the greater part of officials, either military or civil, with a small proportion of those engaged in mercantile or industrial pursuits. These latter are to be found principally in the large centers of trade, such as Calcutta, Bombay, Kneeadir, Rangun or Madras, or else on plantations in the coffee and Indigo districts. Wherever a number of Europeans are congregated together the place is called a station. It is almost entirely in military stations Europeans live in India. In nearly all cases they have been selected with reference to their strategical importance. At them are situated, as a rule, the civil headquarters of the district, and where the number of civilian officials is large, the station is divided into two portions, one called the cantonments, in which are the military lines, and the other the civil lines, in which are situated the residences of the civilians. Except in the larger presidency towns a double-storied house is hardly ever to be met with. People live in bungalows which are large, one-storied houses, built either of stone, brick or sand coated over with "chunam" (plaster). In those districts where there is a small rainfall, the roofs of these houses are generally flat, and during the hot weather it is not uncommon to sleep out at night on them. Each bungalow is surrounded by a plot of ground called a "compound," in which are situated the stables and servants' houses. These bungalows as a rule are owned by natives, who charge for them a rent determined by the officer commanding the station in consultation with a cantonment committee, which comprises the cantonment magistrate and the chief civil officer of the station. Once this rent is fixed it is recorded in the books of the station staff officer, and it cannot be altered without the sanction of the cantonment committee. It can be understood that when each house is surrounded by its own grounds a large station may extend over a very large area. In large military centers like Bawal Pindi, Pethanor, Secundurabad or Bangalore, the distance of one extremity of a station from another may be as much as five or six miles. The roads in these stations are kept in very good order, and over them carriages run as smoothly as they do in London. In those stations where several regiments are quartered, each regiment is distinct from another and has its own lines, in the vicinity of which are situated the bungalows of the officers. Every military station in India possesses a Gympana—that is to say, an association got up for the promotion and furtherance of all kinds of sports. The buildings of the Gympana are usually situated in the center of the station. They comprise a sort of club, where everybody meets in the afternoon to play tennis, watch a polo or cricket match, or to listen to the band. Internally they usually consist of a ball-room, billiard-rooms, smoking-room and reading-rooms (to which ladies are admitted). Externally they are surrounded by gardens, tennis courts, polo and cricket grounds.

Life in an Indian station is very much more animated and unconventional than in England or in this country. Society consists mainly of a number of men of good position and of fair means, who have the greater portion of the day at their own disposal and who are enthusiastic about sports and games. Amongst military men the work for the day is over by 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning; amongst civilians, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The conventions of society which exist in England and which determine a man's position in the social scale according to his birth or his official position, are not in vogue in India. Any man, whether he be a merchant or a solicitor or a bank clerk, is made an honorary member of all messes and is received into society generally as long as he behaves himself like a gentleman and is a sportsman. In England the *entre* into society is determined by considerations of birth, of rank and of wealth. In India the criterion generally is the man himself. As long as he does not offend against the canons of good taste and is a good fellow at heart, it matters little about his social position otherwise. During the cold weather in India the ordinary routine of an official's life is as follows: At 6 a.m. he gets up and has "chota hayieri" or a small breakfast, which consists of tea and toast and perhaps a couple of eggs; at 6.30 he goes on parade for an hour or an hour and a half. After parade he goes to the orderly room and transacts any business he may have to do. At 11 or 11.30 he has breakfast, and after that, unless he is on a court martial or on a committee, he is free for the rest of the day. At 3 p.m., if there is polo (and this takes place three times a week), he goes off to the polo ground; if not, he goes to the paggar, train his ponies till 4.30 or 5 p.m., when it is time to go to tennis or racket. When it gets too dark for tennis or racket, he goes off to the library or club house, where all the ladies of the station would probably then be assembled. There he stays till it is time to dress for dinner. Every week, as a rule, or at any rate every fortnight, there is a gymkana, where races and tent pegging and tilts at the ring take place. In most stations there is a hobbery pack, which hunts on Thursdays and Saturdays. Thursday, I may add, is a brigade holiday in India, and there is no work done on that day. This very excellent rule was introduced by Lord Napier of Nagaar, when he was commander-in-chief in India. In those parts of India where pigs abound, pig-sticking shares, with polo, the widest popularity as a sport. It is generally considered by those who have taken part in it that in the excitement and hard riding it affords, it is far ahead of the best hunting at home. The cold weather in Northern India extends from the middle of October to the middle of April. Between April and October every lady and child, who can afford to do so, and every man who can get leave, migrates to a hill station or to Kashmir. In these elevated regions the heat of the plains is entirely avoided. Of course to married women the objection of going to the hills is that for perhaps three months in the year they are separated from their husbands. But the period of separation depends almost entirely on the positions their husbands occupy. Then in the civil service, students and lawyers are, by the very nature of their professions, bound constantly to the plains. Officers of the military service can make a certainty of obtaining at least three months' leave every year, and if they choose to sacrifice a fourth of their pay they would have little difficulty in getting six months each year. During the hot weather in India military duties are extremely light. The greater portion of the British troops are then sent to the hills, and the greater portion of the native troops are granted furloughs to their homes. The ordinary routine work of the regiment can be carried on by half the number of officers usually required, and the remainder have no difficulty in getting away on leave.

(To be Continued.)

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that just one week after the celebrations in connection with the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Mark's Parish, the people of Niagara should again be called upon to participate in the still more important demonstrations commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the Province of Upper Canada. Scarcely had the echoes of the one died away, and its habitual atmosphere of quiet and repose settled over the town again, when rich and poor were once more actively engaged in preparations for the second event. Every house—with only an exception here and there—within a reasonable distance of the main street, was decked with flying streamers of red, white and blue, while from windows and balconies waved flags of almost every conceivable size and color. Very elaborate archways, from which floated appropriate mottoes, were erected in front of the Court House, across from the residence of Dr. H. L. Anderson to the property of ex-Mayor Gassett, and over the street leading from the wharf, where eight or ten hundred people gathered to receive his Honor the Lieut.-Governor and a number of other prominent men from Toronto and elsewhere. Across the center of Main street, and in striking contrast to the gay new bunting which floated on every side of it, hung the old tattered flag which was raised by the Honorable James Gordon at the battle of Queenston Heights in 1812. Among the hundreds who passed beneath it as it floated in solitary grandeur last Saturday, were Mr. Gordon's fair grand-daughters, the Misses Edith and Alice Heward, who paused with charming audacity as the breeze dipped the flag to secure a piece of the faded old colors as a memento of the occasion.

The presentation of an address to the Lieut.-Governor, made by Rev. Canon Bull, President of the Historical Society of Lundy's Lane, processions marching to the music of two or three very good bands, and speeches by some of Canada's most prominent speakers, both at the park and from the summit of ruined old Fort George, occupied the day. Among others who spoke most eloquently and exhaustively on the all-important subject of Canada, its past and present condition, its future prospects, and the men so prominently associated with its history of the past hundred years, were: His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor, who was greeted most enthusiastically, Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, Dr. John Ferguson, Dr. Oronhyatekha, representative of the Six Nation Indians, Col. G. T. Denison, Rev. Canon Bull of Niagara Falls, Sheriff McKlar of Hamilton, and others. A few of the hundreds present at the addresses and at the wharf to welcome the Lieut.-Governor on his first official visit here, are the following: Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray, Lieut.-Col. Grassett, W. Nelson, 71st Highlanders, Major Mead, T. F. B., Dr. J. Baldwin, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Rev. Robt. Arnold, Mr. A. Pattison, Rev. N. Smith, Major and Mrs. Paffard, the Misses Paffard, Rev. J. E. Mitchell, Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Fessenden of Chippawa, Mrs. and Miss Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. A. Macdougall, Mr. E. W. Syer, Rev. Canon Houston, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Harvey of Chippawa, Mr. F. Arnoldi, Capt. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson of Woodstock, Mrs. Kallaily of Morrisburg, Mr. W. and Miss Geale, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Baldwin, the Misses Bernard, Mr. W. Kirby, Miss Edwards, Miss Evans, who presented the Lieut.-Governor with a bouquet of flowers on his arrival, Mrs. F. Cumberland, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Mrs. F. Morson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. Hewgill, Capt. Milloy, Mr. N. G. Bigelow, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Rev. A. H. Baldwin, His Honor Judge Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Mr. Alex. McKay, M. P., Mr. C. Camidge of the York Academy, Capt. H. Williamson, Rev. J. Ardill of Merritton, and Rev. Mr. Leigh of Hamilton.

Apropos of the centennial celebrations last Saturday, few perhaps know that the first Parliament of Canada is supposed commonly to have been held under an oak tree which is still standing—with but few of its sturdy old branches left—at the southern limit of the beautiful property known as the Anchorage, and now owned by S. W. Syer. The same tree is also pointed out as the one on which two American spies were hung, during the war of 1812.

The first of the Chautauqua concerts, which during the season will be held every Tuesday and Friday evening under the management of Mr. W. E. Ramsay, was given last Friday and was a particularly enjoyable one. The programme held the names of Mrs. Thompson, who so successfully assisted at the concerts last season; Mrs. Ramsay, who as accompanist could scarcely be excelled or even equaled; Miss Evelyn Severs, a new star in the Chautauqua world of song, who in a very pretty costume of deep violet and white lace quite won the hearts of her audience with her winning manner and beautiful voice; Mr. Warrington, whose rich baritone was a delightful treat, and whose song of The Man Who Couldn't get Warm was rendered with such realistic pathos and force that nearly everyone present shivered most perceptibly at the laughable refrain which ended each verse, and Mr. W. E. Ramsay, whose comic songs kept the house in continual peals of laughter. Each song brought him two or three encores, to most of which he good-naturedly responded. Among others present were the following representatives of the world of fashion: Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Powell, Dr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. E. W. Syer, the Misses Edith and Constance Jarvis, the Misses Heward, Mr. W. and Miss M. Geale, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. J. Mrs. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. W. and Mr. Herbert Syer, Miss C. Arnold, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Warren, the Misses Lockhart and Miss Constance Hewgill.

The following were present at last Saturday's hop at the Queen's: Dr. and Mrs. Thompson of Niagara Falls, the latter looking very pretty in her bridal dress, which was of white cashmere, with a deep flounce of white lace caught up with sprays of orange blossoms; Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Mrs. L. Lansing, Mr. C. and Miss K. Lansing, Miss Emily Anderson of Fort Erie, who looked charming in pink surah and white lace; Mr. and Miss K. Ball, the Misses Howe, Mrs. and Miss Maddy Winnett, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Stephen Nelles of Winnipeg, and the Misses Nelles of Grimsby, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Capt. R. G. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. J. G. Dickson, Miss E. Morrison, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. Kilpin, the Misses Heward, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. and Miss Powell, Mr. E. W. Syer, Messrs. W. and H. Syer, the Misses Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Daisy Bell, Mr. Allan and Miss A. Anderson, Mrs. H. and the Misses Paffard, Miss Geddes, Mr. W. Geale, Capt. C. and Miss Milloy, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. Elliott of Niagara Falls, Mr. Pemberton, Miss Hughes, Miss Pattison, Miss Mabel Nelles, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ingersoll, the Misses Larkin, Miss Bate, Mr. Merritt, Mr. Fuller, the Misses Bernard, Mr. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Truitt, Miss Alexander, the Misses Heward, Miss McGuire, Mr. W. Strathy. Miss Heward was in blue cashmere, with a souave of white lace; Mrs. Truitt wore black net prettily embroidered in straw colored silk; Miss Lansing, white lawn and lace; Miss Larkin's dress was much admired, it was of sea-green silk and *chiffon*, the skirt handsomely embroidered in silk of a lighter shade; Miss Paffard was in black net; Miss M. Winnett, white and gold; Miss Geddes, white and pale green; Miss Jarvis looked very handsome in white cashmere *trais*; Miss Mary Nelles, a tall, graceful brunette, wore a very becoming costume of black surah, the bodice of which was very prettily trimmed with old-gold baby-ribbon. One of the loveliest faces in the room was that of Miss Hughes, who looked most captivating in a simple costume of soft white material. Three or four other white gowns were remarked as being most becoming to the wearers, among them Miss Milloy's, Miss Edith Jarvis's and Miss Aggie Nelles's.

Rev. A. H. Baldwin occupied the pulpit at St. Mark's last Sunday. His place at All Saints', Toronto, was taken by his nephew, Rev. F. M. Baldwin, who is spending the summer here. The congregation of St. Mark's also enjoyed the pleasure of having Mr. Wilmot Strathy at the organ on Sunday evening. Quite a number remained after the service for a short recital.

Miss Pattison spent a few days last week with Mrs. H. A. Garrett.

Miss Alexander of Grimsby is the guest of Mrs. Alfred Ball.

Miss Heward left last Monday for Toronto, where she has been spending some days.

Miss Powell, a charming brunette from Victoria, B. C., was the guest last week of Mrs. D. B. Macdougall at Rosslyn.

Miss Geale is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. H. Bowes, at the Island, Toronto.

Miss K. Lansing, Mrs. H. Lansing and Miss Mabel Burnette of Canandaigua are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lansing of Woodlawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are spending a few days at the rectory, the guests of Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

Mrs. James Meade, who was so cordially welcomed by her many friends here last week, has returned home. It was very generally regretted that her visit was such a short one and that she was not accompanied by Mr. Meade, who a few years ago was the popular curate of St. Mark's. While in town she was the guest of Mrs. F. Geddes, and for a day or two of Miss Beaven.

Miss Mabel Nelles of Grimsby has been spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. C. Ball.

Mrs. Strathy and family have arrived for the season.

Mr. J. Asbury is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Winthrop.

Mr. A. Anderson of Niagara Falls and Mr. Elliott spent last Saturday and Sunday in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. Anderson. Miss Emily Anderson of Fort Erie is also the guest of Mrs. Anderson.

The second of the season's concerts was given at the Amphitheater, Chautauqua, on Tuesday evening. The usual families were present, in addition to which I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Mrs. Newton, Mr. Pedro Alma, Mr. Powell, Mr. Asbury, Mrs. and the Misses Blake, Miss Ella Scott and a number of others. The programme was a very good one. It consisted of songs by Mr. Ramsay and Mrs. Thompson, who looked remarkably well in black net; solos on the violoncello (with piano accompaniment) by a medalist of the Toronto Conservatory of Music—a very sweet-faced little maiden of about sixteen summers—club swinging by Master Bert Thompson, and songs and recitations by the child vocalist, Miss Maud Alexander, who was very enthusiastically encored after each selection. Her voice is a very sweet and sympathetic one, and she sang with a marvelous amount of expression. Mrs. Ramsay wore a strikingly pretty costume of net over a pale shade of heliotrope silk.

Mr. Pedro Alma is at Doyle's hotel.

GALATEA.

C. A. A. O. Regatta and Prizes.

One of the most interesting amateur events of the coming week was the regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen. The magnificent display of prizes offered for competition at the association was worthy of the occasion, consisting of over two thousand five hundred dollars worth of sterling silver champion cups, gold embroidered silk champion banners, and seventeen elegant solid gold and enameled medals, all especially designed for the occasion. The display reflects much credit on the old and reliable house of J. E. Ellis & Co., King street, much of which is due to Mr. J. E. Ellis, who was back in the seventies was quite an oarsman himself, having pulled a "bow" in the old "Edrol" crew, which was hard to beat in the days of four mile races for amateurs.

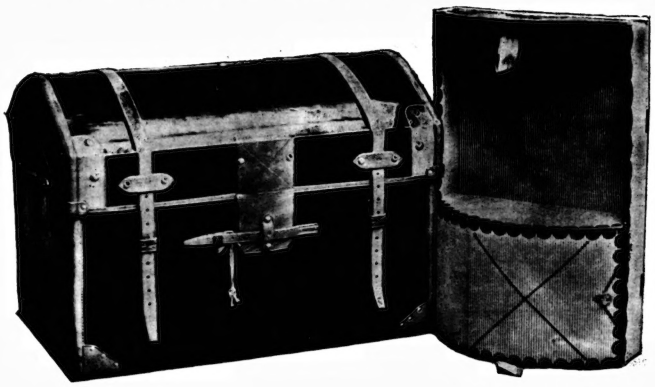
After the Regular Meeting.

"They say McGinnis made a very effective speech at the political meeting last night."

"Effective! You bet! 'Barkeep,' he said, 'charge the whole bill to me.'"

Talkativeness has another plague attached to it, even curiosity; for praters wish to hear much that they may have much to say.—*Plutarch.*

A FASHIONABLE TRUNK



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Leave Niagara 8 30, 11 a.m., 2, 6 p.m.

Arrive Toronto 10.40 a.m., 1.10, 4.10, 8.10 a.m.

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Family tickets for sale.

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Daily for Port Dalhousie, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park Leave Milloy's Wharf for Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines at 7 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.; for Grimsby Park at 12 (noon). Wednesdays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock boat for Grimsby leaves at 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. boat for St. Catharines leaves at 8.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday excursions at 2 p.m. Return fare 50c Saturday tickets good to return Monday.

Regular fare to Grimsby Park, 75c.; for those returning same day, 50c. Regular fare to St. Catharines, $1 25; for those going on the 2 p.m. boat and returning the same day, 75c.

The steamer GARDEN CITY can be chartered for Moonlight excursions at reasonable rates.

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SS. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.

Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

This boat has large state room accommodation, fan cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson arrived home from their trip through the North West and British Columbia, which they enjoyed very much, and were delighted with the country and exquisite mountain scenery. They returned home on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. and the Misses Roach left on Thursday for England, where they will remain for three months. Part of their time will be spent at the Isle of Wight.

Miss Masson of Oswego and Miss Russell of San Francisco are the guests of Miss Wilson of Elmwood.

Mrs. Herchmer of Calgary is the guest of Mrs. W. Ramsay of Victoria avenue.

Miss Baker is spending a few weeks with friends in Greenfield, Mass.

Mr. B. P. Dewar, Miss A. Dewar, Miss Watson and Miss Faulkner leave on Saturday for Muskoka, the guests of Mrs. Watson and W. B. McMurrich.

Miss Briggs of Holdsworth is summering at Winona, on Lake Ontario.

A very jolly party left on Monday morning for the Upper Lakes. Among those who participate in this delightful trip are: Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Paul Ambrose, Mrs. Hemming, Mr. H. Hemming, Miss Hemming of Brighton, Eng., Miss Robinson, Miss Bell, Mr. A. Garrett, Dr. Lafferty, Mr. Stanley Robinson and Mr. J. Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hoodless left on Saturday for Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Travers are summering in that delightful hotel, Beaumaris.

The Misses Stiff are the guests of Mrs. Timson of Cayuga.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Kennedy have left town to camp on Vanwesner's Beach. Among their party are: Mrs. Symonds, Miss M. Mills, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss Cranston of Galt, Mr. Kerr of Toronto, and Mr. Rich of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, the Misses Ridley, Messrs. Labatt and Gaviller have erected a camp also on this delightful beach.

Mrs. Wilson of Woodstock, who has been the guest of Mrs. Prentice of Fairleigh Park, left for home last Thursday, having spent three delightful weeks here.

Ald. and Mrs. Stewart and family left on Monday to camp at the Beach. Miss Roe and Miss Walker also accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop have left for the Ocean House, Burlington Beach, for the summer months.

Mr. A. B. Patterson leaves on Monday for Georgian Bay.

Miss Aleda Moore leaves on Saturday for Muskoka.

Mrs. and Miss Fuller of Claremont left on Wednesday evening for England, *via* steamer Servia, where they will spend two or three months.

Miss Tudor and Miss H. O'Reilly are the guests of Mrs. Gaviller, Lake Rosseau.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLaren and family and Mr. Horatio Gates left for their island, Muskoka.

SYLVIA.

The Pace That Does Not Kill.

If you want to keep pace with the crowd you must take a summer holiday. The inhabitants of Toronto are singularly fortunate in the facilities which they have at command to enjoy the advantages of travel made easy. Since the Canadian Pacific railway entered the city absolutely nothing now is impossible. Possibly one of the most fascinating trips within the history of modern times is that which is now afforded Toronto residents. It is a combination of railway and river travel which fairly baffles description. This refers to the tour through the White Mountains to the sea by way of Ottawa and Kingston. Every day trains leave Toronto at 8 a.m. and 9 p.m. with through sleepers attached to the latter, for Ottawa and Kingston direct. To those *via* Ottawa a charming sail down the Ottawa River is at their option. We could spend the remainder of space at our disposal describing the many points of interest, but abler pens than ours have done this before, and we will content ourselves with saying that there are few finer river sails in the world, both for scenery and enjoyment. The route *via* Kingston and the St. Lawrence is also well known, and as the boats pass through the Thousand Isles, past the famous shooting and fishing resorts of Clayton and Alexander Bay to Brockville and Prescott, down the various rapids to the mighty city of Montreal, loud and long are the words sung in praise of this magnificent trip. But Montreal is not the final destination, and a still further panorama is unfolded to the tourist's gaze, for the Canadian Pacific railway service is so arranged as to afford a daylight view of the magnificent White Mountain scenery. In fact every person traveling this route is thoroughly charmed with it. The enterprise of the Canadian Pacific railway has brought it to its present state of perfection, and if you would share in the delights call on Mr. Callaway at the corner of King and Yonge streets.

Without tact you can learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything.—*Disraeli.*

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Blazer Jackets in cream and fancy Flannels and Serges, from $1.95 to $15.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HUTCHINS—At 17 McKenzie crescent, on the 18th inst., the wife of J. B. Hutchins of a son.
ARMSTRONG—July 10, Mrs. Victor Armstrong—a son.
BACONE—July 15, Mrs. Louie H. Bacone—a son.
IRVING—July 5, Mrs. W. B. Irving—a son.
HORNER—July 15, Mrs. J. A. Horner—a son.
EQUI—July 3, Mrs. W. J. Equi—a daughter.
ELLIS—July 10, Mrs. Charles Ellis—a daughter.
PEGG—July 18, Mrs. J. H. Pegg—a son.
GODDEN—July 13, Mrs. J. K. Godden—a son.
WRIGHT—July 9, Mrs. W. A. Wright—a son.
BELL—July 8, Mrs. N. P. Bell—a son.
HAY—July 12, Mrs. John D. Hay—a daughter.
JEFFERS—July 15, Mrs. John J. Jeffers—a daughter—stillborn.

Marriages.

FULLERTON—DORAN—On July 14, at the residence of the bride's mama, Rochester, by Rev. Dr. Anstice, rector of St. Luke's church, James S. Fullerton to L'zie Doran, both of Toronto.
BREMNER—HODGINS—July, John A. Bremner to Isabel Hodgins.
IRWIN—ROYER—July 13, Herbert Irwin to Mary Royer.
STEWART—RICHARDSON—July 14, Walter F. Stewart to Helen Maynard Richardson.
STEVENSON—BECK—July 13, Arthur Stevenson to Georgina Maud Kent Beck.
THOMPSON—BLACK—July, R. A. Thompson to Agnes Black.
TRENDELL—ROGERS—July, J. Wyatt Trendell to Sophie Rogers.
THRUSH—COOK—July 13, Mark Thrush to Annie J. Cook.
WESTON—RANNEY—July, W. H. P. Weston to Louisa Ranney.
GRIER—BAIKES—July 4, Alexander Munro Grier to Mary Christina Beatrice Baikes.
BURNS—ELLIOTT—July, Jos. H. Burns to Susie Elliott.
WILLIS—O'BRIEN—July 11, Walter R. C. Willis to A. Lincoln O'Brien.
SHUTTLEWORTH—HARRIS—July 16, J. M. Shuttleworth to Annie Harris.

Deaths.

BARTHOLOMEE—July 18, Robert H. Bartholomee, aged 46.
HENDERSON—July 19, George Henderson, aged 64.
De CHADENEDES—July 18, F. B. De Chadenedes, aged 32.
JENNINGS—July 19, Mary E. Jennings, aged 6 months.
PIERAILL—July 19, Adam Pierail, aged 75.
ROBERTS—July 18, Samuel E. Roberts, aged 61.
DYAS—July 14, John Joseph Dyas, aged 49.
FRENCH—July 14, Marianne French, aged 91.
ETHERSON—July 17, Joseph Etherson, aged 78.
PATRICK—July 18, Alfred Patrick, C.M.G., aged 80.
MAGEE—July 12, John Magee, aged 60.
BAILEY—July 17, David A. Bailey, aged 17.
CALLAHAN—July 10, Albert John Callahan, aged 28.
FLEMING—July 15, Michael Fleming, aged 51.
FORGIE—July 15, Andrew Gemmill Forgie, aged 48.
WINSOR—July 15, Paul Clarence Winsor.
BRYSON—July 7, James Bryson, a, ed 86.
SCHRADER—July 15, Magdalena Schrader, aged 49.
MARSHALL—July 14, George H. Marshall, aged 8.
TELFER—July 15, Ailee Winnifred Telfer.
AIKTEN—July 13, William Aitken, aged 20.
LOW—July 8, Philip Low, Q.C., aged 81.
PATERSON—July 13, William J. Paterson, aged 31.